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LETTERS

Post-Mortem

Sir: Bridge lovers will appreciate your Goren article in the Sept. 29 issue. But you seem to credit the increased slam bonuses to Mr. Vanderbilt and some of his friends in the year 1925.

In the summer of 1921, six of us—all summer bachelors—played at Copenhagen's Klubben. The six: the Norwegian minister, the Dutch minister, the Siamese minister, two officials of the Danish Foreign Office and I, the U.S. chargé d'affaires. The game, with cutting in and out, was auction, but with one new major scoring wrinkle: if you chose to jeopardize what seemed like a sure game by bidding a small slam or a grand slam, the reward, as now, was 500 points for a small slam and 1,000 for grand slam.

The stakes were a little steep, but could become even steeper. If, at the start of a rubber, one of the players sitting out looked you in the eye and held up one, two or three fingers and you nodded yes, that meant you were playing him on the side for one, two or three extra stakes. You had to be right careful with your fingers and the nods of your head.

T. HART ANDERSON JR.

New York City

Sir:

In discussing how Mr. Goren was clever enough to break the rules on the particular deal where he defeated the opponents' four-spade contract by leading the nine of spades at trick 3 (from a K-9 trump holding), the article says: "Goren copped the trick with his lurking king, later brought home his king of diamonds to defeat the contract."

Now what in blazes did Mr. Goren lead after cashing his king of spades at trick 4 that enabled him to later bring home his king of diamonds?

ROBERT H. KENMORE

New York City

¶ Goren led a heart; dummy, now out of not only hearts but trumps, sloughed a diamond; declarer ruffed in the closed hand—and was up against Goren's twice-protected king of diamonds and his own losing deuce. —Ed.

Sir:

GOREN AND SOBEL GOOFED IN BIDDING. THE DUBLIN HAND IS A SURE SEVEN NO TRUMP.

R. O. DAVIS

MONROVIE, PA.

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Sir:

Goren's point count is the most precise complete bidding system yet devised. However, when I once submitted a hand with the bidding to a certain point and asked what he would bid next, he gave me the best one-sentence bridge lesson I ever had. He asked, "Who are my opponents, and who is my partner?"

WALTER N. FORGER

White Plains, N.Y.

Sir:

I wonder if Goren, "perhaps the world's most tolerant partner," would forgive the unforgivable blunder Time committed in the name of the Gerber Convention when Tim responds "four diamonds for one ace, four hearts for two, etc." Four diamonds, of course, means no aces.

DAVID L. OTTENSTEIN

Takoma Park, Md.

¶ Goren, who once bid TIME's flawed variant of the Gerber Convention while partnering Gerber himself, is pleased that so many readers caught TIME's error.—Ed.

Sir:

Come off it—that's not the Mississippi Heart Hand. Any dope could trap somebody with that. Here is the real hand:

NORTH

♠ J 10

♥ ♠

♦ 10 9 8 7 6

♣ J 10 9 8 7 6

WEST

♠ 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2

♥ A Q 10 8 7

♦ ♠

EAST

♥ 6 5 4 3 2

♦ 5 4 3 2

♣ 5 4 3 2

SOUTH

♠ A K Q

♥ K J 9

♦ A K Q J

♣ A K Q

Whereas in your case the big hand gets set by a freak distribution, in this case the big assortment not only does not get to play the hand, but the opposition (East and West) makes a grand slam against him—and it cannot be stopped or beaten.

JOHN R. HOWELL

Stamford, Conn.

¶ Bridge World Editor Alphonse Moysse Jr. says Reader Howell has

submitted a variant of the legendary Duke of Cumberland whist hand. The duke, sitting South (in this version), failed to take a single trick—and lost a bet of £20,000 to West.—Ed.

Sir:

My late stepfather, Milton Work, hired Charles Goren, taught him a lot of bridge and some manners, paid him \$35 a week as a ghostwriter, edited not the "brightness" but the brassiness from his writing, introduced him into circles otherwise closed to him—in short, gave him a real leg up toward his present (undoubtedly earned and deserved) income of \$150,000 a year.

Mr. Goren is quoted as resenting his salary of \$35 a week. In the early '30s that was pretty good pay, especially for a beginner.

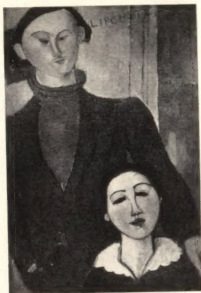
HENRY H. PATTON

New York City

Sculptor Painted

Sir:

Your Art section about J. Lipchitz [Sept. 22] was indeed interesting. Although you



The Art Institute of Chicago

"LIPCHITZ & WIFE" BY MODIGLIANI

mention Rivera, Picasso and Gris, you omit friendship with Fellow Artist Modigliani.

GERARD ZIERLER

Brooklyn

End of a Mystery

Sir:

Your photo of Agatha Christie [Sept. 15] was as surprising as the unique endings by this superb suspense-and-mystery author. As usual, she had me completely fooled.

BRUNO DERKSEN

Steinbach, Man.

The Far East

Sir:

I object to your mention of the opinions of some Canadians as reported in the Toronto *Globe & Mail* [TIME, Sept. 22]. Surely it is too much to say that Mr. Dalgleish is "pro-Peking," or that those who share his feelings are "fellow apologists."

Many people are in favor of admitting Red China to the U.N. This is not because



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they are "pro-Peking," but because they are willing to realize that the government at Peking is the government of China, and that it is likely to be so for some time. Neither they nor I necessarily approve of this regime.

M. A. MACDONALD

London, Ont.

Sir:

I was dismayed at the lack of sympathy on the part of the *Globe & Mail* for U.S. aims. No one would guess that a paper of an allied country was making such charges. I feel Mr. Dalekish should shake the dust of Canada off his shoes and go live in China.

J. P. VERINGER

Kintnersville, Pa.

The Color Issue

Sir:

Bravo for those 61 lawyers in Arkansas who, with principle and courage, have come forward for the opening of the Little Rock high schools on an integrated basis [*TIME*, Sept. 29].

LOUIS G. LOEB

Boston

Sir:

Your article on Governor Almond and integration left out a few pertinent facts. How about the thousands of families that have moved from the "District" here in Washington, probably with financial loss, to make new homes in Arlington and Fairfax counties in Virginia? They did so obviously to escape a decree of the U.S. Supreme Court.

F. A. DUDLEY JR.

Washington, D.C.

Sir:

Some kindly psychiatrist ought to hand Faubus a broom and start him sweeping back the ocean as the tide rises.

K. W. THOMPSON

Calgary, Alta.

Sir:

What special God-given powers does the Supreme Court have that make it infallible?

FRANK D. GOODALE

Camden, S.C.

Sir:

The Supreme Court of the U.S. is not trying to attack states' rights, only states' wrongs.

ROBERT P. KESLOW

Torrington, Conn.

Sir:

Re some of your *TIME*-worn adjectives, it is difficult for me to understand how we Southerners can be both "rednecked" and "lily-white" at one and the same *TIME*.

EMMETT F. SHORT

Shellman, Ga.

Sir:

As a teacher of history and government in one of the large high schools in Norfolk, I wish to thank you for your very excellent article on "Virginia—The Gravest Crisis" [Sept. 22]. It gives a clear picture of our state political philosophy. If our secondary schools in Norfolk are closed by these laws, approximately 10,000 children will be denied an education. These children are going to be some of the leaders of the U.S., and our country's future depends on them. Closing the schools, destroying public education, and delaying federal law is not helping provide sound leadership for the future.

SHIRLEY V. BLOXTON

Norfolk

Eighth Wonder

Sir:

The set of choices for the Seven Wonders of American Architecture [*TIME*, Sept. 29] is indeed provocative. I used to eat dinner at Frank Lloyd Wright's Robie House ("the Battleship") every night during the summer of 1948, and often wondered whether I was at the University of Chicago or at sea. That was during the Hutchins-Adler Great Books era, and it subsequently appeared that being at the University of Chicago then, or at sea, was more or less one and the same thing. The architectural magnificence of the Robie House still escapes me. Like Quasimodo, it is imposing but grotesque. I think the master's most beautiful creation, though indirect and not architectonic, is his granddaughter Anne Baxter, the movie star.



Associated Press

ANNE BAXTER

RICHARD HULLVERSON

Paris

Civil Disobedience

Sir:

The Rev. Mr. McCrackin [who refused to pay all his federal income taxes—*TIME*, Sept. 22] has an American precedent in Thoreau, who refused to pay his tax for a similar reason. Thank the Lord there's still one sturdy American left who's individualistic. Whether or not we agree with the Rev. Mr. McCrackin, we can't help but admire his moral stamina and integrity.

L. GREEN

Cincinnati

¶ Henry David Thoreau (*Walden*) refused to pay his poll tax from 1843 to 1848 as a protest against slavery. In 1848 he was finally jailed for a night. Next day one of his aunts, her identity obscured by a shawl, bought his release; next year Thoreau, having made his protest and written an essay on it (*Civil Disobedience*), paid his \$1.50 poll tax.—Ed.

Sir:

As a twelve-year-old boy, I think the Rev. Mr. McCrackin's actions were immature and childish. If I had acted the way he did, I would have been punished severely.

JAMES GORMAN

Euclid, Ohio

Here to Stray

Sir:

Re your Sept. 22 story on the Eddie and Debbie Fisher-Liz Taylor triangle, I still think Elizabeth Taylor is one of America's most promising child actresses.

C. EUGENE MOORE

Lancaster, Pa.

The spectacle of those two women battling over a tonsil, a bone and a hank of hair only goes to prove that in Hollywood women will fight over anything.

ROBERT H. JAMISON

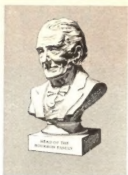
Miami

Sir:

I think it's about time everyone learned that sex is here to stray.

LAGENAN BARNES

Mexico, Mo.



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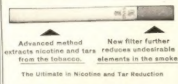
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Today, about one million people in our country have diabetes and are getting treatment. Another million Americans have the disease, but are completely unaware of it. This is because diabetes, early in its course, causes no noticeable symptoms, and may not until it is well advanced.

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MISCELLANY

Frozen Beef. In Sacramento, Calif., Loretta Weyant was granted a divorce on her testimony that after an argument, her husband had hung her from a meat hook in her restaurant's cold-storage room for two hours.

Heil to Pay. In West Hartford, Conn., Kenneth B. Johnson paid a \$2 fine for illegal overnight parking, drew an additional \$50 fine for making out his check to the "West Hartford Police Gestapo."

Winer Take All. In Rouen, France, Factory Worker André Poulthier bet his friends that he could down 30 glasses of Pernod in ten minutes. He did so, barely had time to collect his money before he died.

Good Old Daze. In Knoxville, Tenn., police reported that a thief had broken into an auto service department, taken a 1952 used car valued at \$600, passed up two 1958 models worth \$7,000 each.

Coronery Occlusion. In Milwaukee, Frank G. Dionesopolis, Democratic candidate for coroner, came in third in a field of four candidates after he announced his slogan: "A square deal for every body."

Witness for the Prosecution. In Philadelphia, John Blakeley, plaintiff in a drunken-driving case in which his car was clunked, was jailed for ten days for showing up in court intoxicated.

Dress Rite. In Walhalla, S.C., 37 members of the Rider Mountain Pentecostal Fire Baptized Holiness Church went to court asking for the reinstatement of their pastor, the Rev. Haskell Lee, who had been unfrocked for wearing a necktie in the pulpit.

Tasty Pilot. In Wichita, Kans., police refused to accept Motorist Johnny Eli's complaint that a passenger airliner was "trying to crowd me off the road," arrested him for drunken driving on the city airport's runway.

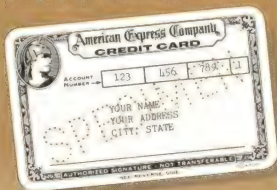
No Enosis. In Athens, the English-language Athens *Nexos* refused a classified ad stating "Greek lady desires to hold conversations with English gentleman on the Cyprus issue in exchange for lessons in Greek, German or piano" on the ground that "the lessons would be doomed to failure."

Glaring Error. In Chitose, Japan, after a thief had removed three of four radar reflectors from the landing strip of a nearby U.S. Air Base and a ground radar man had detected the fourth and last reflector drifting off on his scope, police, summoned by the radarman, found the reflector loaded on the bicycle of Shigeru Takagi, 32, who confessed that he had taken the others, but grumbled that a local pawnshop had paid him only \$3.78 apiece.

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PALMER



GLEASON



HARRIS



BERLE

A letter from the PUBLISHER

James A. Linen

GO out and see a show," the movie-makers advertise. "Stay home and watch television," the networks plead. "Ignore such frivolities," urge the publishers. "and read a good book!" Surveying this relentless but stimulating competition for the public's attention, TIME, beginning with this issue, launches a new weekly section that will present:

❑ Capsule reviews of what TIME editors judge to be the best movies (U.S. and foreign) and plays (Broadway and on tour).

❑ Capsule reviews of the most promising television programs. Among the recommendations for this week: the return of Milton ("Mr. Television") Berle to active duty, Jackie Gleason and Betsy Palmer in *The Time of Your Life*, Time Cover Subject (Nov. 28, '55) Julie Harris in *Johnny Belinda*.

❑ The editors' choices of the best current books, as well as TIME's own best-seller list (what makes the best reading and the best selling will only occasionally coincide). The bestseller list is compiled from weekly vendor reports by TIME correspondents in 22 U.S. cities, collated according to a statistical system of weighting (by sales volume) the bookstores polled. The list will report the news of what the nation is reading, more speedily and sensitively than other leading bestseller lists.

For this week's choices and reports, see *Time Listings*.

NO man to rest on his staggering electoral triumph, France's Charles de Gaulle last week moved directly to the land whose troubles brought him to power, and whose difficulties remain his biggest unsolved problem: Algeria. No ordinary colonial war, the Algerian revolt is the product of 128 years of conflict and cooperation, of intimacy and antagonism, between the French and Moslems of Algeria. The rebels who fight France hang out in Cairo, pray toward Mecca, but talk in French, and invoke the democratic ideals that France has taught them. For the story of the men and motives behind the savage struggle, see the cover story in FOREIGN NEWS, *The Reluctant Rebel*.

WHEN a big, secluded estate is rented by an eccentric couple who order beef by the side, buns by the gross—and when the delivery boy has to leave the supplies outside the fence—people are apt to be curious. For what a Buenos Aires cop discovered when he climbed the fence, see *THE HEMISPHERE, Big Red Schoolhouse*.

MAN's best friend used to be forced to eat people food not fit for a dog. Now U.S. families are spending more for dog food than they are for baby's. See *BUSINESS, Oh, for a Dog's Life*.

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How the Bell System's Transistor Has Created Business and Jobs in Many Industries

It has been just a little over ten years since the Bell Telephone Laboratories announced the invention of the Transistor.

This amazing little electronic amplifier was recognized immediately as one of the big breakthroughs in science that come only at rare intervals. Every year since its birth it has opened new fields of use and progress.

Developed originally for telephony, where its first use was in Direct Distance Dialing, the Transistor has enabled many other industries to bring out entirely new products and improve others. It has also made it possible for a number of new businesses to get started and to grow.

There is no doubt that the Transistor has been one of the leading forces in an electronics boom and is in considerable part responsible for raising the electronics industry from a two billion dollar level in 1946 to over thirteen billion dollars in 1958.



NEWS FROM OUTER SPACE. One of the many uses for the Transistor is in the radio transmitters in satellites. Some other uses of this mighty mite of electronics, in addition to its growing use in telephony, are in hearing aids, personal radios, automobile radios, portable TV sets, phonographs, clocks, watches, toys, computers, data processing, machine tooling controls and even a guidance system for a chicken feeding cart. A most important use is in a wide range of military equipment, including radar and guidance systems for missiles. Though little larger than a pea, the Transistor can amplify electric signals up to 100,000 times.

The Bell System has licensed more than seventy companies to make and sell transistors. More than 50,000,000 will be made this year.

The Transistor is just one example of how the basic research of the Bell Telephone Laboratories contributes to the economy and progress of the country. Frequently this constant search for new knowledge to improve communications brings forth

discoveries of great value to other industries and the whole field of technology.

For telephone users, the Transistor has made possible advances that would have been impossible a brief decade ago.

In the years to come it will bring many new ways to make telephone service more convenient and useful to more and more people.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

The Indefatigable Drive

With something like the grudging irritation that Queen Isabella's customs men must have felt when they waved Columbus into the black Atlantic, New York's kingly Port Authority last week granted limited permission to two airlines to operate commercial jet transports from Idlewild Airport. Within hours, the British Overseas Airways Corp. had hurriedly rounded up twelve paying passengers and 19 free-loaders, stuffed them breathlessly aboard a jet Comet IV, was off from London with a roar, landing at Idlewild, after breasting headwinds, in ten hours, 20 minutes. Soon after that Comet took off, another (five paying passengers, 23 free-loaders), charged off Idlewild's runway, made London in a snappy six hours, twelve minutes, some five hours less than normal piston flight. Thus, on the anniversary of Russia's Sputnik, began a new era in the 20th century's fast-changing history. The commercial jet age was a dramatic reality.

Not far behind BOAC was Pan American World Airways, whose Boeing 707 was cleared for operation at Idlewild, but was still undergoing testing at London Airport. Racing one another, as the old Union Pacific and Central Pacific railroads had once muscled each other in their drive to roll back the Western frontiers, Pan Am and BOAC had each charged into jet transport head on, in determination to be

first across the Atlantic. Pan Am's consolation: soon the U.S. line will be flying transatlantic jets daily, while BOAC will run once a week until it receives shipment of new planes.

But the who's-first rivalry was really just prologue. By New Year's major U.S. airlines will be flying timetable jet trips from New York to California, San Francisco, once 110 days away from New York by sailing packet, 2½ days away by rail and eight hours by nonstop piston transport, will move to a short distance of 4½ hours. The 49th state of Alaska will be closer to Washington—nine hours or so—than was the capital of Delaware in 1800.

Of itself, the jet transport age would not do much to solve the world's problems (military jets are already old hat), except, possibly, to put Secretary of State John Foster Dulles more places more often. But its advent was another milestone in the oldest and most adventurous struggle of all: man's indefatigable drive to conquer his own environment.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Policy Under Pressure

For Secretary of State Dulles, architect of the strong Far East policy that has kept Red China locked up inside its borders since 1955, it was a week of unrelenting and bitter pressures. On Monday, he conferred with President Eisenhower on Quemoy, found the President occupied and deeply disturbed by U.S. and Euro-

pean press criticism (see JUDGMENTS & PROPHECIES). On Tuesday, only minutes before his press conference, Dulles sent down for a handful of State Department mail to be picked out at random, read many letters from the U.S. public that said something like "Don't let's have a war just on account of Quemoy and Matsu," but many, many more that simply pleaded "Let's not get into a war." The basic U.S. policy on Quemoy—hold the islands against Communist aggression in the Pacific, but negotiate if the Communists agree to a cease-fire—was obviously not understood by everybody.

U.S. allies in Europe, while hailing the principle of collective security, kept their backs coldly turned on the U.S. position in Asia. On Formosa, Nationalist China's President Chiang Kai-shek, old U.S. ally, called his first press conference in three years, added to Dulles' troubles by proclaiming that (1) the U.S.'s recent meetings with Red China diplomats in Warsaw to negotiate a cease-fire were "futile," and (2) the U.S., in any event, had "approved" his decision to move strong forces onto Quemoy and the other offshore islands. "Fear," said Chiang, "grows the farther you get from the front—all the way back to the U.S." In a speech to the National Guard Association of the U.S. at Atlantic City, N.J., Under Secretary of State Christian Herter, in a remarkable echo of ex-Secretary of State Dean Acheson, went out of his way to sneer at Nationalist China's devotion to



BOAC's COMET IV & PAN AMERICAN'S BOEING 707 AT NEW YORK'S IDLEWILD AIRPORT
A milestone in the most adventurous struggle of all.

Associated Press

JUDGMENTS & PROPHECIES

MR. DULLES MEETS THE PRESS



"CHANGE OF FORMULA"

NEW YORK TIMES:

With commendable if somewhat belated flexibility the Eisenhower Administration is now undertaking a "clarification" amounting to a realignment of our China policy to bring it more in line both with the military realities and with overwhelming public opinion at home and abroad. The pity is that this more flexible policy was not adopted long before the Chinese Communist attack.

Scrpps-Howard's ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS:

Dulles is to be congratulated for his public offer to negotiate a reciprocal loss of face with Red China.

SEATTLE TIMES:

Talk of Munich has not obscured the fact that most of the free world's peo-

"THE TIME HAS COME TO QUIT PLAYING OSTRICH!"



Baltimore Sun

ples do not consider the tiny offshore islands to be the rightful or logical place to draw the line against Communist expansion.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR'S JOSEPH C. HARSCH:

The United States, if not yet ready to settle with Peking, [is] getting ready for that step, so hard to take, so relentlessly inevitable.

Columnist WALTER LIPPMANN:

We should prepare for the passing of Chiang's regime. And we should go before the world in favor of a Formosan settlement, asking no special privileges, strategic or economic, for ourselves.

DETROIT FREE PRESS:

If the [little] islands are not defensible or not worth defending, why not just say so, pull out, and forget the demands that Red China first agree to cease fire.

DALLAS MORNING NEWS:

The U.S. and liberty cannot afford to offer an island sacrifice to the Red Moloch.

SPOKANE (Wash.) SPOKESMAN-REVIEW:

It never pays to submit to blackmail, even for the sake of two little islands.

ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH:

U.S. Far Eastern policy needs a stronger nail than attachment to Chiang Kai-shek.

LOS ANGELES TIMES:

Both the President and Mr. Dulles have acknowledged handsomely that the huge Quemoy garrisons should not have been built up. But that is another matter entirely from abandoning Chiang.

Columnist DAVID LAWRENCE:

Red China would welcome but would not be content with the acquisition of Quemoy and Matsu and will never give up its demand for the surrender of Formosa itself. If America reverses its policy and the Nationalist army on Formosa crumbles and the military position of the Philippines, which are a few miles from Formosa, should be weakened, it would be a signal for the Red Chinese to resume the war in Korea and Indo-China.

CHICAGO DAILY NEWS Publisher JOHN KNIGHT:

Mr. Dulles had talked himself into a trap and is now trying to extricate himself and the President with honor. The



"INSCRUTABLE. THESE CHINESE ...!"

irony of the Formosa Strait crisis is that we are now indulging in a form of appeasement to the Chinese Reds.

LEWISTON (Idaho) TRIBUNE:

Secretary of State John Foster Dulles has taken the U.S. to the brink this time against the advice and wishes of America's allies, presumably the U.S. Senate and probably the American public. If the U.S. backs down from this position, the whole free world position in the Far East may indeed be at stake. At the very least, Dulles would have to resign.

CHICAGO TRIBUNE:

Unfortunately, the decision for war or peace rests with the Chinese Reds and their Russian allies, who aren't going to be influenced by legalities or moralities.

Chief of Naval Operations ARLEIGH BUKKE to the NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE: My fear is that too many people in the U.S. are not willing—probably because they do not understand the problem—are not willing to stand up for principles. You let one doubtful area go, then the next area becomes a little more doubtful and you become a little weaker—a little weaker in your own spirit.



"PEOPLE ARE NO DARN GOOD"

Continued Daily News

the offshore islands as "almost pathological," then declined to release a transcript of what he had said.

Gales of Questions. At Dulles' crowded press conference the pressures blew up gales of hostile questioning. Dulles himself seemed as relaxed and casual as usual, but he had not gone far before he began to signal a new emphasis on conciliation that inevitably set off worldwide headlines (DULLES GETS FLEXIBLE—LONDON; HINTS SHIFT IN U.S. POLICY!—CHICAGO). Specifically, Dulles:

¶ Downgraded Nationalist China's decade-old hope of returning to the mainland, added that even if mainland Chinese staged a Hungary-type revolt against Communism, "it would probably be primarily under local auspices and local leadership . . . It would be hypothetical and problematical as to whether or not it would involve the going back of Chiang as the head of the government."

¶ Implied that the U.S. was no longer holding out for a formal cease-fire agreement, would be willing to negotiate Chiang's forces out of Quemoy if the Communists would just stop shooting.

¶ Denied Chiang's statement that the U.S. had approved his Quemoy buildup, countered flatly that the U.S. "did not attempt to veto it"—but nonetheless had thought the move unwise (a military point seriously disputed by the Pentagon, which thought Chiang's buildup none too large to resist invasion).

Dulles went on to his most provocative statement: "If there were a cease-fire in the area which seemed to be reasonably dependable, I think it would be foolish to keep these large forces on these islands. We thought it was rather foolish to put them there, and, as I say, if there were a cease-fire, it would be our judgment, military judgment, even, that it would not be wise or prudent to keep them there." Was there, then, a possibility of important changes in U.S. policy if there was some "give" on the Communist side? Answered Dulles: "Yes. I would say so."

Waves of Doubt. When this word got to Formosa, Chiang Kai-shek seemed and sounded almost blankly uncomprehending. Said Chiang: "What Mr. Dulles is quoted as having said seems completely incompatible with our stand and does not sound like him. I cannot tell right away whether Mr. Dulles has made the remarks attributed to him for diplomatic reasons or for other purposes in mind." Chiang's Nationalist Chinese officials hurled bitter words at Americans—"betrayal," "doublecross."

U.S. Ambassador to Taipei Everett Drumright seemed equally nonplused. Drumright reported Formosa's mood to Washington in such terms that Dulles, promptly, reassuringly, sent word to Chiang that U.S. policy had not changed.

But none other than President Eisenhower, at his own press conference, repeated Dulles' key criticism of Chiang's Quemoy buildup. Said Ike: "I believe, as a soldier, that was not a good thing to do, to have all those troops there." Ike's strongest press-conference statement on

Quemoy: "The basic issue, as we see it, is to avoid retreat in the face of force."

Repairing Slippage. Despite the headline impact of the new emphasis, U.S. policy in the formal sense remained unchanged. The U.S. would continue to resist Communist expansion by force or threat of force at Quemoy. The U.S. would continue to seek to negotiate a dependable cease-fire with the Red Chinese at Warsaw. Given that, the U.S. might seek to persuade Chiang to withdraw sizable Nationalist contingents from Quemoy—but leaving Quemoy in Nationalist hands—as a means of removing what the President calls "a thorn in the side of peace."

At week's end the President, perhaps more aware of the slippage that misplaced words could wreak, let loose what amounted to a statement of U.S. principles on Quemoy. The President's vehicle: a letter to Democratic Senate Foreign Relations Committee Chairman Theodore

showdown with Communism. "would unite as one," and moreover, if the opposite were believed by the Communists, "it would embolden our enemies and make almost inevitable the conflict."

"You, I think, know my deep dedication to peace," said the President to Chairman Green. "It is second only to my dedication to the safety of the U.S. and its honorable discharge of obligations to its allies and to world order."

Cease-Fire

Shining through the week's war of words about Quemoy was the sharp military fact that the fighting was going well for the Chinese Nationalists. U.S.-supported, U.S.-trained and U.S.-equipped, the Nationalists racked up dazzling jet victories, all but solved Quemoy's tricky sea-air supply problem, and sent morale soaring, as Communist pilots and gunners showed unexpected ineptness and inexperience. During the week, the



DULLES AT PRESS CONFERENCE

Associated Press

The basic issue is still to avoid retreat in the face of force.

Francis Green, 91, who had warned the President that he might not get national support if it came to war on Quemoy. Ike's points:

1) The U.S. would not fight just to defend Quemoy and Matsu but to stop Communism's heralded advance into the west Pacific—"I cannot dismiss these boasts as mere bluff."

2) The U.S. congressional resolution of 1955 empowered the President to use U.S. forces in the Formosa area if the President—not the Congress—decided that Formosa was threatened. "I welcome the opinions and counsel of others. But in the last analysis such opinions cannot legally replace my own."

3) U.S. allies, other than Nationalist China, had no commitment to help the U.S. in the Formosa area, but "I believe that most of them would be appalled if the U.S. were spinelessly to retreat before the threat of Sino-Soviet armed aggression."

4) The U.S. public, should it come to a

U.S. added C-119 flying boxcars to the tremendous buildup on Formosa, and U.S. military men made the heartening prognosis that vulnerable Quemoy, seven miles from the Communist mainland, could be held, probably indefinitely.

This week, after 44 days of shelling the tiny islands with little or no military gain, Communism drew back a step or so. Nikita Khrushchev proclaimed softly that the U.S.S.R. would come to the aid of Red China only in the event of "an attack from without"—i.e., an attack by the U.S. Then Red China ordered a seven-day cease-fire in the Formosa Strait, and Red China's Defense Minister Peng Teh-huai sent a special message to the Nationalists proposing peace talks between Chinese Communists and Chinese Nationalists. While holding out what may or may not be an olive branch, Peng also turned the sword in a new wound. "The Americans are bound to go," he said to the Nationalists. "They have to go. The day will come when the Americans will abandon you."

THE ATOM

Tumult & Fallout

The fallout from massive Russian nuclear tests was still clicking the Geiger counters last March when the Russian propaganda machines began grinding out a high-priority party line. The message: the peace-loving Soviets had voluntarily suspended nuclear tests, called on the U.S. to do the same. Under heavy attack from such fervent ban-the-bomb groups as SANE (National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy), U.S. officials doggedly went ahead with the U.S.'s own long-scheduled test series in mid-Pacific, but the President finally agreed to a year's test suspension beginning Oct. 31 provided the

THE SUPREME COURT

"No State Shall Deny"

In the most closely reasoned, carefully pinpointed opinion of the whole desegregation struggle, the Supreme Court last week struck at the massive Southern attempts to avoid compliance with its 1954 integration order. Specifically, the court aimed its opinion at Arkansas' Governor Orval Faubus—but its effect would be felt in Virginia and in any other Southern state that had placed hopes for resistance in hedgerows of state laws.

The opinion was an extension of the terse Supreme Court ruling of last month which turned down the plea of the Little Rock school board for a delay of 2½

to look at the web of integration-dodging laws being spun throughout the South. "State legislators or state executive or judicial officers," said the court, cannot nullify "the constitutional rights of children not to be discriminated against in school admission on grounds of race or color"—either directly or "through evasive schemes for segregation, whether attempted ingeniously or ingenuously." And a state Governor is just as liable to a federal restraining order as anybody else. Otherwise, said the court, quoting Charles Evans Hughes, the "fiat of a state Governor, and not the Constitution of the U.S., would be the supreme law of the land."

One Course. "The Constitution created a government dedicated to equal justice under law. The Fourteenth Amendment embodied and emphasized that ideal. State support of segregated schools through any arrangement, management, funds, or property cannot be squared with the Amendment's command that no state shall deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws."

So straight and hard was the Supreme Court line that segregationists cried (incorrectly) in outrage that it had decided questions that were not before it. But in moving beyond the specifics of the Little Rock case to set the legal standard for the "massive resistance" round of the desegregation battle, the Supreme Court was clearly moving strongly to forestall the sort of trouble that comes with doubt and confusion.



CLINTON'S BOMBED HIGH SCHOOL
None is better than all.

Associated Press

Russians would sit down at a conference in Geneva and start working toward a plan for monitoring bomb blasts.

Last week the Geiger counters clicked furiously again as Western spotters counted four separate Russian nuclear explosions "north of the Arctic Circle." After the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission announced the tests, Moscow radio said the Russians had been "forced to resume." The U.S. ban-the-bomb groups were strangely silent. Knowing that it takes 18 months for the U.S. to prepare for a full-scale test, U.S. atomic experts were certain that the Russians began planning for the new test series even before they finished the last. "More and more," wrote the *Christian Science Monitor's* U.N. Correspondent William R. Frye, "students of Soviet diplomacy are leaning toward the theory that Moscow never wanted to stop testing, that it proclaimed a unilateral halt last March without the slightest intention of making the cessation permanent, and that the whole objective of Soviet diplomacy in this area is to avoid a test ban without assuming the onus for so doing."

years in resuming its gradual integration program. At that time, trying to beat the date set for reopening of Little Rock's beleaguered Central High School, the court did not take time to write a full opinion. It more than made up for the deficit last week, with all nine Justices not only concurring but—an unusual move—sharing in the authorship of the 5,000 words read by Chief Justice Earl Warren.

One Answer. Reviewing the Arkansas record, the court found that integration violence in Little Rock was "directly traceable to the actions of legislators and executive officials of the State of Arkansas... which reflect their own determination to resist this court's [desegregation] decision." To such defiance there could be only one answer: "The constitutional rights [of the students] are not to be sacrificed or yielded to the violence and disorder which have followed upon the actions of the Governor and Legislature... Law and order are not... to be preserved by depriving the Negro children of their constitutional rights."

But the court went far beyond the specific litigation of the Little Rock case

THE SOUTH

Destruction at Clinton

Little Clinton, Tenn. (pop. 4,259), the 1950 scene of some of the worst violence in the whole desegregation struggle, had begun its 1958 school year quietly—too quietly for someone who saw that nine Negro children were peacefully attending classes with whites. This week, at three-minute intervals in the foggy early morning, three dynamite explosions gutted Clinton High School. Rather than have school for all, some wanton destroyer preferred school for none.

Schoolless Winter?

A total of 16,000 youngsters were still locked out of schools last week while the Governors of two states pondered their next moves:

❑ Virginia's Governor J. Lindsay Almond Jr. angrily denounced the Supreme Court opinion but also decided "to defer for the present" a plan to reopen only those classes to which Negroes have not been admitted by court order. In Norfolk, salted with Northerners and heavily dependent on the big U.S. Navy base for business, the tongue-in-cheek city council took the next step prescribed by Virginia's massive resistance laws, asked Almond to reopen the schools on a segregated basis. Almond ignored the petition; it was plainly an effort to make him directly responsible for defying court orders.

❑ In Little Rock deputy U.S. marshals fanned through the city to serve school

officials and teachers with copies of a restraining order issued by two judges of the Eighth Circuit Court of Appeals against a pet Orval Faubus plan: turning the schools over to a private school corporation for segregated operation. Unfazed, Governor Faubus, who had always pretended that he sought only an integration delay to let things quiet down, now told a Little Rock reporter: "I will never open the public schools as integrated institutions." It thus appeared that Little Rock's high-school students might as well settle down to a long schoolless winter. Number who have already applied for transfer to other cities: 400.

THE PRESIDENCY

A-1

Twenty-four hours after entering Washington's Walter Reed Army Medical Center for his annual head-to-toe physical examination, a ruddy, smiling Dwight Eisenhower—one-time victim of a heart attack (1955), ileitis (1956) and mild stroke (1957)—came out with the pronouncement from his doctors that he is in "an excellent state of health."

THE CAMPAIGN

The Leadership Issue

Did the President know that some Republicans seemed resigned to a "bad drubbing" in next month's congressional elections? asked a reporter at the presidential news conference last week. Replied Dwight Eisenhower: "I have heard these reports about apathy and about sitting on hands and complacency." To the President, such an attitude was "incomprehensible" in view of the record built up by his Administration since 1952. Said he: "I think the record of those six years is remarkably good." But what Ike missed was that it is not so much the Administration record as it is his own leadership, his ability to dramatize the record, that is a key issue—perhaps the only real issue—in Election Year 1958.

Many a pollster, pundit and politician who has been probing the U.S. body politic has found a pervading uneasiness in the 1958 campaign about the President's personal leadership, about whether or not "Ike is really in charge." Even while agreeing that Ike still stands high in popular affection, Syndicated Pollster Sam Lubell wrote last week that doubts about Ike's leadership may well be the make-or-break factor of the campaign (TIME, Oct. 6). "This leadership thing is the main trouble we're having with money and everything else," adds a Republican congressional candidate. "I can't even get anyone to come to a finance meeting. Party workers are all sitting on their fannies."

Says California's Republican Representative Joe Holt: "For some reason, people don't think Ike's running things. They don't think he knows what's going on. I tell the people I only wish they knew the President as I know him. And I wish he showed to the public the fight and fire he



IKE LEAVING WALTER REED
Too many on their fannies.

displays and the leadership I know he exercises back in Washington."

"Doing" Something. In fact, during 1958 the President has exercised strong leadership of rare quality. He fought hard, long and successfully to push the three essentials of his program—defense reorganization, foreign aid, and reciprocal trade—through a reluctant Congress. He stood staunchly behind the attempts of Agriculture Secretary Ezra Taft Benson to bring sanity into the farm-subsidy program when many a Republican Congressman was yelping for Benson's scalp. After the revolution in Iraq last July it took President Eisenhower only twelve hours to have U.S. Marines landing in Lebanon—and not even from Democratic liberals

has there been any criticism that his stand on Quemoy is too weak.

Most important of all in terms of long-range U.S. domestic welfare, Dwight Eisenhower, among all the politicians in Washington, refused to panic when recession came. Time and again Democratic doom-criers, editorialists and some timorous Republicans demanded that he "do" something. He was in fact doing quite a bit, by fighting effectively against irresponsible tax cuts and wild pump-priming. He was proving that a sound free-enterprise economy could right itself without massive Government interference. He also was holding down the inflation that would have been the inevitable result of a big Government spending spree.

Telling 'Em. More than any President in decades, President Eisenhower has proved his administrative abilities in the gigantic task of pulling together and streamlining the fantastic complexities of U.S. Government, has proved his constitutional sensibilities by refusing to interfere with the rights and duties of Congress. Yet his effort to be "President of all the people," his refusal to stoop to political partisanship to indulge in personal attacks, to cry out in alarm, to dramatize himself as the nation's savior, has partly been to blame for doubts about his "leadership." Working mostly within the confines of his White House office and of the staff system to which he is dedicated, he has failed to translate and dramatize his achievements in a personal style. He has failed to follow one great dictum of vaudevillians and successful politicians. "Tell 'em what you're going to do. Do it. Then tell 'em about what you've done."

Last week, recognizing a Republican emergency, the President scheduled a White House luncheon with G.O.P. leaders to discuss the party situation. To his previously announced October campaign trip to Chicago and California, he added a major speech at the annual corn-picking contest at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, indicated that other appearances would be added. In these speeches Ike would have an opportunity to explain the record of which he is proud. He would also have an opportunity to convince U.S. voters of the personal leadership that has made that record possible.

Old Nixon, New Magic

Dick Nixon flew out of Washington on his first pre-stop tour of the 1958 campaign last week, and before his chartered flying-command post had made three landings, Republicans across the land had a feeling they were back in business again.

At each stop he was well briefed on local grievances, had a special potion for local ailments. In Indianapolis he reminded internecine Indiana conservatives of their common enemy: "The radical A.D.A., which dominates the Democratic National Committee." In Los Angeles he pitched a more moderate appeal to California's golden harvest of independent voters: "Forget for the moment whether you are Republicans or Democrats." In



CAMPAIGNERS NIXON, KNOWLAND & NIXON
Special potion for local ailments.

San Francisco he labored out front and backstage to try to bring harmony between U.S. Senator Bill Knowland, the would-be Governor, and Governor Goodwin J. Knight, the reluctant would-be U.S. Senator, while steering clear of Knowland's lonely stand for a right-to-work law.

But in Indiana, California and Oregon Nixon helped all the local causes by laying down a hard and quotable Republican line on national issues. Items:

Quemoy and Matsu. "What is at stake is not just Quemoy and Matsu, and not just Formosa, but the whole free world position in Asia. A policy of firmness when dealing with the Communists is a peace policy. A policy of weakness is a war policy." When Democrat Adlai Stevenson suggested a Formosa plebiscite to see whether Chiang Kai-shek should stay, Nixon shot back a suggestion for a plebiscite in Communist China to see whether the Reds should stay.

Sherman Adams. "If our opponents want to fight this campaign out on the comparative standards of honesty in the Truman and Eisenhower Administrations, we'll give them the shellacking of their lives. The only way we could get the crooks out of the Truman Administration was to put them in jail."

Defense. "Democrats imply that we are so scientifically poverty stricken and that our industrial machinery is so ramshackle that everything we are going to do in the next few years will be wrong and everything the Communists do will be right. This is rote thinking."

Congress. "If you vote for a Democrat, you are voting to raise your taxes, cheapen your money, and stifle the new investment and enterprise, which mean more jobs and more progress for the American people."

By week's end Nixon had worked such magic among Republicans that the Democrats were taking back all the nice words they had said about the "new Nixon." "The new Nixon," growled the Fair-Dealing New York Post, "bears a striking resemblance to the old."

By any other name the Republicans were still delighted.

WOMEN

Martha & Bob

In William Howard Taft's gay, leisurely Washington of 1910, Martha Wheaton Bowers, 19, Minnesota-born daughter of the U.S. Solicitor General, was a brown-eyed debutante whose beauty demurely covered a formidable character and a brilliant, Sorbonne-trained mind. At a White House dance she caught the eye of the President's youngest son, Robert Alphonso Taft, who, though only a round-eyed senior home from Yale, had the wisdom to fall totally, silently in love with her and had the mettle to persist until she married him two years later. For the next 39 years, the union of these two, a warm, affectionate joining of man and wife, increasingly came to be the soul and brains of Regular Republicanism, like no similar force since the glamorous Jessie Benton helped Husband John Fremont

found the party in 1856 and become its first presidential candidate.

At first Martha Taft's personal talents were obscured by her disciplined support of her husband's life. Going with him back to the land of the Tafts in Cincinnati, she ran the chicken and asparagus farm they economically bought out in the Indian Hill section ("The only thing we ever did that turned out to be fashionable"), kept his store-bought suits mended, bore him four sons, whom she later taught golf, and worked for the various civic enterprises (hospitals, art museum, zoo, symphony association) founded by city-serving Tafts. Only with Martha could Bob, the diligent public



N.Y. Daily News
THE TAFTS IN 1952
Mutual selflessness.

figure with a secret sense of humor, talk out the decisions by which he built the city's biggest law firm and worked as a state senator to reform the notoriously corrupt local G.O.P. He tried for the U.S. Senate in the New Deal heyday of 1938 after Martha summarized the situation: "It's now or never, Bob."

Wife's Mission. The Tafts became a team, she sticking to women's groups and sometimes delivering ten talks a day. In her old Dodge one night, she skidded to avoid hitting a dog, rolled over three times, went on to the scheduled meeting. "Anyway, that probably got us the S.P.C.A. vote," she quipped. Upset Democrats credited Bob's Senate victory to Martha, who angrily retorted that they were just trying to belittle him again. But the Cleveland Press got it about right in a 1938 headline: BOB AND MARTHA WIN.

While Bob Taft's logical mind became the main barrier to New and Fair Deal excesses, Martha's dry wit ("To err is

Truman") became a much-quoted weapon against Democrats and the voter's best invitation to understand Taft ("Most people think Bob is austere, but he's just departmentalized").

Spartan Devotion. One night during his tough 1950 campaign for re-election to the Senate, Bob drove home from a radio station to find Martha crumpled on the floor, felled by a paralytic stroke while listening to his speech. While he campaigned mechanically, tirelessly to victory, he eagerly nursed Martha, forever shopping for something she might enjoy and regularly reading the morning and evening papers to her. In 1952 she persuaded him to make his third try for the Republican presidential nomination, used her unparalyzed hand to cut out useful clippings, followed the opposition's radio and TV moves, dictated her customary dozens of vote-getting letters and painfully signed them. Supremely unaffected by doctor's orders, she flew to the Chicago convention, dauntless as ever in his final defeat by Dwight Eisenhower.

Martha worried in April of 1953 when Bob, unable to prevent a limp, admitted that his hip had been hurting. Bob worried, too, but kept it to himself, Spartan as ever in their game of mutual selflessness, though doctors had decided that his cancer was incurable. Bob said nothing and cheerfully pushed her wherever she wanted to go in her wheelchair. Only 38 hours before his painful death in July did he tell her the truth, and she met the worst unflinchingly. In silent grief she buried him at the new cemetery beside Cincinnati's Indian Hill Church, organized her life so as not to burden her children. She helped plan the Taft memorial carillon now completed near the Capitol, moved back to Washington for a while "to keep in touch." Last week in Cincinnati, Martha Taft died and was buried beside her husband.

TAXES

Better Than 15%

During his 50-year regency over the cuisine of New York's famed Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, Oscar Tschirky—Oscar of the Waldorf to thousands of epicureans—rose to such gastronomic eminence that his memory endures in menus, viands and appetites the world over. A greeter, Oscar in his white chef's cap stood figuratively astride the gourmet banquet table like some culinary colossus, a familiar and beloved figure to trenchmen of his day. No such adulation has fallen on the narrow Gallic shoulders of Oscar's successor, Claudius Charles Philippe, 47. Son of a French chef, London-born Philippe migrated to the U.S. in 1929, stirred soup in a variety of kitchen pots, even sold Fuller brushes for a spell before going to the Waldorf as Oscar's assistant in 1931.

But what Philippe of the Waldorf lacked as a greeter and as a symbol of the leisurely, intimate dinner, he more than compensated for in his mastery of the art of big-time wining and dining—and of educating thousands of barbarian palates to the delights of Rock Cornish game hen,



PHILIPPE (WITH THE QUEEN MOTHER)
Crab meat—and kickbacks?

crab meat Louis and cream of pumpkin soup. Any conclave of hungry and thirsty humans was his meat. "I won Goodyear Tire & Rubber over to pink champagne," he once boasted to a companion. Unexcelled at spreading a gourmet's table, even for the American Trucking Associations, he delighted in explaining to slightly befuddled clients that turtle soup was a better first course than melon *prosciutto* for the simple reason that melon *prosciutto* was undignified. Such was his deftness in pushing wines that Waldorf guests annually drain 11,700 gallons of supreme French vintages.

With an executive's shrewd touch, Waldorf Vice President Philippe handled banquets for the world's great, found ways to bring hungry hordes, good food and hot plates together, cannily governed his hotel empire of seven restaurants, 30 banquet rooms, a liveried army of some 600, and the boudoir snacks of 2,000 guests. With the accountant's sure hand, he also dispensed to suppliers annual orders for \$300,000 in silver, china and glass, \$350,000 in furniture, \$2,500,000 in food and \$1,000,000 in drink. In these commissions, Philippe had the decisive say.

But last week the business practices of the Waldorf's Philippe landed him squarely in the saucerpan. Handed down by a federal grand jury in New York City: a five-count indictment, four counts charging Philippe with evading a whopping \$88,706 in income taxes in the years 1952-55, one charging that he knowingly concealed the receipt of "cash, currency or kickbacks" from Waldorf suppliers. Sunk in a continental sulk, Philippe issued a printed declaration of probity ("At the trial I confidently expect to establish my innocence"), then left for his \$800,000 country estate near Peekskill—there to ponder, perhaps, the outrageous ways of the U.S. Internal Revenue Service, which, in his case at least, wants something better than 15% of the tab.

ARMED FORCES

Bird in the Pit

Hard by a strip of wild, windblown Pacific shore near Lompoc, Calif., construction workers at Vandenberg Air Force Base last week were digging a 15-story hole in the ground. Within weeks, the deep cylindrical pit will be paved with concrete so thick that months must pass before it cures. Then the U.S. Air Force will slide a 90-ft., 117-ton monster into its perpendicular den and seal it with heavy concrete doors against the megaton shocks of man-made thermonuclear quakes. The monster is the Titan intercontinental ballistic missile, the first weapon in Air Force history to go underground.

As such, Titan presages the day when all long-range missiles will lurk beneath the earth, invisible and well-nigh invulnerable to enemy attack. The sunken silo at Vandenberg is only one part of a subterranean complex under construction as Titan's first "hard base." Adjoining the missile tank are other sunken cylinders (see diagram), housing air-conditioning and hydraulic equipment, a power station, liquid oxygen and fuel tanks, and a command control center for the launch crew. Tunnels connect the widely dispersed elements, but after the alert, only the control center will be occupied. Remotely controlled, the monster, fueled and armed, will rise majestically to the surface as the massive doors open, go through a brief countdown as a radar-tracking dome some distance away rises from its chamber.

Then, when the button is pressed, the missile will surge thunderously spaceward. Time for launching: 20 minutes or less.

Broddingnagian Cartridge. Conceived in 1955 as a backstop to the Atlas ICBM, which is a surface or "soft-base" missile, the Titan program began with a one-year handicap, has since lost ground as the lion's share of money, engineers and steam poured into Atlas. But Titan shows signs of becoming a system with superior potential range, invincibility and kill.

Unlike Atlas, whose three engines ignite on the ground, Titan is a two-stage missile, resembling a Broddingnagian rifle cartridge. About 130 seconds up—where Atlas sloughs off its twin booster engines—Titan sheds its first stage, 53 ft. of 10-ft.-thick shell and both booster engines. Thus unburdened, the 37-ft. second stage is expected to reach out beyond 9,500 statute miles—3,000 miles farther than Atlas—to deliver a massive warhead weighing better than three tons.

One Billion Dollars. The first Titan was air-shipped to Cape Canaveral in August for components testing. A test launch, using another Titan, has been tentatively scheduled for late next month. The Air Force has firmly programed four Titan squadrons of nine birds each, will start building the first of the four new Titan hard bases soon after the first of the year. Base construction near existing Air Force installations: \$50 million per squadron. Titan development costs: \$1 billion to date. Target date for an operational Titan: 1960.



TIME Diagram by
R.M. Chapin, Jr.

NEWS IN PICTURES



MRS. LEONARD BERNSTEIN, wife of Music), wears a cream sheath with gold-and-red design and trumpet train. New York Philharmonic conductor (see

Music), wears a cream sheath with gold-and-red design and trumpet train.



MRS. ALFRED de LIAGRE, wife of theatrical producer, in short blue silk satin. Billowy effect is pouffed "harem" hemline.



Photograph from Vogue



Mrs. Arthur Houghton

MRS. THOMAS BANCROFT JR., young Manhattan hostess, hula-hoops in blue tulle gown.

MRS. ARTHUR HOUGHTON, wife of Steuben Glass president, poses in full-skirted pink satin brocade with design of gold irises.

NONIE PHIPPS, daughter of polo-playing Long Islander, wears white lace and satin.

How Sweetly Flows That Liquefaction Of Her Clothes.

—Robert Herrick

Fashions that are pretty, fashions that nearly any woman can wear (and for more than one year), fashions that any man can admire without telling himself that he is supposed to, swept into U.S. stores last week. The rage was the flowing Empire style, with higher waistlines and a definable bosom at peekaboo height. The new gowns, many in rich hues, were shown first in Paris late in August; Eastern society women wore them at the season's first charity dances, first nights, and first little black-tie dinners at home. Now the styles have been copied by U.S. dressmaking houses, and the average housewife has thousands of authentic and inexpensive choices at local shops and department stores. Retail sales are in a post-recession boom (see BUSINESS); such a horde gathered at Manhattan's price-conscious Ohrbach's that one shopper asked: "Say, are they giving away anything up there?" Trampled in the rush was the misbegotten chemise which was suggestive enough on a Miss America figure but looked like a hospital gown on most.



Nonie Phipps

FOREIGN NEWS

FRANCE

The Fifth Republic

As the incredible returns continued to pour in last week from the outer precincts of French power, the sweep of Charles de Gaulle's triumph increased. In Martinique in the Caribbean the ratio was 14-1 for De Gaulle. On the Pacific island of New Caledonia, 52-1. In the Sahara, 70-1. Of 48 overseas territories, only French Guinea voted no. French residents in the Soviet Union plumped for De Gaulle 74-43, and in the New York voting area, 2,343 to 152. France itself, in a record turnout, jammed the polling places to roll up a majority of 79.25% for the new Gaullist constitution.

No other leader of a Western democracy could point to so overwhelming a mandate. It freed De Gaulle of the need to depend on any unwieldy combination of quarreling political parties in forging his Fifth Republic. Much more important, to a man so stiff-necked about legality, he need no longer regard himself as the creation of the disgruntled cabal of paratroopers and Algerian settlers who last May provided the fuel that blew up the Fourth Republic. The mandate was his own. His power was legitimate.

Having voted power to De Gaulle, France relaxed under blue skies and in gentle fall weather. At Longchamps the



DE GAULLE & MOSLEM CHILDREN IN ALGERIA
Oui, oui, a thousand times oui.

crowds were out for the running of the race of the year, the 40 million-franc *Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe*. Men in morning coats and grey cravats walked amid the drift of chestnut leaves with elegant women in Balenciaga and Dior gowns and outside soufflé hats. A few miles across town in the cavernous glass-roofed Grand Palais, thousands of other Frenchmen thronged the annual *Salon de l'Auto* to stare with passionate absorption at

the chromium flash and gadgets of the 1959 model cars. These people, the acquisitive *bourgeois* society described so memorably by Balzac, were the true victors of the referendum. France had voted conservative—matching the trend in every major Western European nation today.

Everyone but the Communists and a few chronic dissidents had voted yes for De Gaulle. Yet it also seemed clear that the voters of France and of the overseas territories—now known as the Community, like Britain's Commonwealth—had gone to the polls not so much to vote in a new constitution as to vote out an old. What united Frenchmen as dissimilar as Hubert Beuve-Méry, neutralist publisher of *Le Monde*, and the royalist pretender, the Comte de Paris, Prince Napoléon and Brigitte Bardot, cloistered Carmelite nuns and a nameless million voters who had previously backed the Communists, was an intense desire to be rid of the ungoverned and ungovernable past. It was a vote against twelve years of muddle, against 25 governments that had fallen one by one, against the "system" that De Gaulle once called the "trade union of place holders." It was, above all, a vote of confidence in Charles de Gaulle himself—for the soldier son of a professor of philosophy, for the young general who had taken a chance in 1940 and personified France in the councils of the Allies, for a man who wrote in the style of the great Augustans, had style in his own person, and had the courage to quit the political arena in 1946 when it seemed to him dishonorable to continue.

De Gaulle triumphed on his own conditions. It is doubtful if one voter in a thousand bothered to ponder the new constitution's 92 articles (see box). Even if they listened attentively to De Gaulle's oracular and stylishly ambiguous speeches,

THE POWERFUL PRESIDENT OF FRANCE

UNDER De Gaulle's new constitution, the President, who under the Fourth Republic was largely a figurehead, becomes in the Fifth the fountainhead of power.

De Gaulle will undoubtedly become that President in December (he has absolute emergency powers, without hindrance, as Premier in the meantime). The constitutional President will have the authority to appoint—and discharge—Premiers who "shall direct the operation of the government" and "ensure the execution of the laws." The President will sign ordinances and decrees, negotiate and ratify treaties, control the appointments to civil and military posts. He is empowered to dissolve Parliament after "consultation" with, and without necessarily getting the consent of, the Premier. If the President decides that a national emergency exists, he may after consultations assume dictatorial powers by simple proclamation; at any time he can suppress political parties that he considers opposed to the "principles of national sovereignty and of democracy." He is elected to

his seven-year term not by direct vote of the nation, but by an electoral college that favors rural and conservative regional interests.

As the presidency gains in weight and power, Parliament sinks (this making an increased Moslem representation in it of less importance). Parliament is permitted to meet only twice a year and then for only three months at a time. Parliament can pass laws, but only in certain circumscribed areas. No Deputy's vote may be counted if he is absent, and if a Deputy accepts either a Cabinet post or a government position, he must withdraw from Parliament.

Much else that lies in the 8,000-word constitution of De Gaulle seems obscure and remains to be determined by "organic laws" yet to be written, but a powerful new nine-man Constitutional Council (three members each appointed by the President of the Senate, the President of the Assembly and the President) will have much the same power as the U.S. Supreme Court to determine the legality of laws and acts.

they got little hint of what the future would be like. Not even his aides, dedicated as they are to his general philosophy, are allowed to know at any moment the pattern of his intentions. All that most Frenchmen have for certain this week is a memory of De Gaulle moving among masses of people with the awkward lunge of a giraffe, patting a head here, shaking a hand there, peering about him with near-sighted benevolence. But they knew also that he was a man of integrity and vision, and that nothing less would suffice now.

ALGERIA

The Reluctant Rebel

(See Cover)

On both sides of the broad Algerian boulevard stood columns of red-bereted French paratroopers. Tommy guns slung across their chests. Inside the square 15,000 Algerians—Moslem and European—gazed expectantly at the towering figure on the distant rostrum. They had come to hear General Charles de Gaulle abandon his Delphic evasion and spell out his plans for stanching the wounds of France and Algeria.

"Last Sunday," boomed the deep voice from the rostrum, "3,500,000 men and women of Algeria, without distinction of community and in complete equality, gave France and myself their vote of confidence . . . This fact is fundamental because it pledges Algeria and France one to the other, mutually and forever."

The Walkout. This ringing statement seemed to suggest that France would never consent to independence for Algeria, and Constantine's European settlers were cheered. But not for long. In fact, within a few minutes, the leaders of Constantine's right-wing Committee of Public Safety—seated not on the rostrum but in a stand near by—stomped out angrily. They might have helped bring De Gaulle

to power, but the triumphant Premier no longer needed them.

The general still did not commit himself on Algeria's ultimate political status: "I believe it would be completely useless to petrify in advance in words something which our enterprise itself will outline," he said. But he made it abundantly clear that the day of European privilege in Algeria was ending. "In two months," he said, "Algeria will elect her representatives under the same conditions as Metropolitan France. It will be necessary that at least two-thirds of her representatives be Moslem citizens."

De Gaulle outlined, too, an ambitious five-year plan to raise Algeria's Moslems to something like economic equality with Frenchmen. But this would require peace. "Therefore, turning to those who are prolonging a fratricidal conflict, I say: Stop this absurd fighting, and you will see at once a new blossoming of hope all over the land of Algeria. You will see the prisons emptying; you will see the opening up of a future great enough to embrace everybody."

His speech ended, De Gaulle solemnly began to intone the *Marseillaise*. Sullenly, the majority of his audience kept silent. In lonely splendor the general carried on, his firm voice ringing out over the loudspeaker.

Searching the Wind. To Constantine's Europeans, the speech may have been a bitter disappointment. But De Gaulle was speaking to another audience too, offering them not all they wanted either, but an opening. This unseen audience sat 1,600 miles away, huddled around a conference table in a spanking new, six-story apartment building in Cairo.

Unlike De Gaulle, the men in the Cairo apartment building had no legal mandate from the Algerian people. Most of them, in fact, had little in common with the hopeless, half-starved Moslem peasants

who make up the mass of Algeria's population. Some were the sons and brothers of French army officers. Nearly all were French-educated, and only two out of 14 could speak really good Arabic. The oldest of them, a warm, voluble man with grey eyes, looked and acted like a French provincial schoolteacher. He was perhaps the most reluctant rebel of modern times, a man who once wrote: "If I had discovered the Algerian nation I would be a nationalist . . . But I would not die for an Algerian fatherland because that fatherland does not exist. I could not find it. I questioned history; I questioned the living and the dead. I searched through the cemeteries; nobody spoke to me of it. You cannot build something on the wind."

Today, less than three decades since he wrote those words, Ferhat Abbas, 58, is Premier of the self-proclaimed Provisional Government of the Algerian Republic—an organization which in the name of Algerian nationalism wages merciless war on France. Dirty and cruel, the Algerian rebellion is a war of torture and treachery, of ambush and sabotage. In the four years since it began, it has claimed the lives of an estimated 100,000 Moslem civilians, and for the past two years French army dead have been running about 900 a month. To keep Algeria French, the Paris government is currently spending \$2,400,000 a day, has recalled 800,000 reservists to tours of active duty, winked at atrocities worthy of Hitler's SS, severely strained the NATO alliance, and collapsed the Fourth French Republic. Unchecked, the war could also kill the Fifth Republic, and turn all North Africa against the West.

To the outsider, Algeria scarcely seems worth such blood, treasure and agony. Save for a narrow belt along the Mediterranean coast, it is a barren land, dominated by harsh mountains and sterile desert. Because of the nationwide water

Yves Debraine



TOP ALGERIAN REBELS IN CAIRO: Facing camera (left to right): Premier Abbas, Supply Minister Mahmoud Cherif, Foreign Minister Mohammed Lamine-Debaghine, War Minister

Belkacem Krim. Back to camera: Communications Minister Abdelhafid Boussouf, North African Affairs Minister Abdelhamid Mahri, Military Operations Director Omar Ouamrane.



Bettmann Archive

DEYS INSULTING FRENCH CONSUL
With a peacock feather.

shortage—Algeria's third biggest river is only three feet wide along much of its course—only one-tenth of the country's 500 million acres are cultivated. With enormous investment and years of effort, the oil of the disputed Sahara may one day provide a reliable source of industrial energy. Otherwise, Algeria has virtually no energy resources.

Greed and mismanagement as well as nature's niggardliness have contributed to Algeria's poverty. Once famed (along with Tunisia) as "the granary of Rome," Algeria was successively fought over—and despoiled—by the Romans, Vandals, Byzantines, Arabs, Spaniards and Ottomans. By the beginning of the 19th century, the country's once-flourishing agriculture had all but disappeared, and even the piracy on which her Barbary ports had batted for two centuries had ceased to pay off. The Deys of Algiers, who nominally ruled all Algeria on behalf of the Turkish Sultan, actually controlled about one-fifth of it. Inland, Algeria's original inhabitants—the Caucasian Berbers converted to Mohammedism—lived according to their own rough laws and customs.

The Fly-Whisk War. In 1827, angered by an intricate financial deal in which he felt he was being cheated by the French government, Khofa Hussein, the last Dey of Algiers, called in French Consul Pierre Deval, charged him with being a "wicked, faithless, idol-worshipping unworthy," and struck him three times with a peacock-feather fly whisk. After brooding over this outrage for three years, France finally saw it as an opportunity, sent General Louis de Bourmont and 37,000 men sailing south from Toulon. Within three weeks of their landing, De Bourmont's troops paraded in triumph through Algiers to the strains of *Wilhelm Tell*.

But the Berber tribes of the interior were no readier to accept French authority than that of the Dey. Rallying behind Abd-el-Kader, the handsome, 25-year-old

son of a holy man, they launched a jihad (holy war) to expel the infidel. French General Thomas-Robert Bugeaud, a veteran of Napoleon's Spanish campaign, where the word guerrilla was invented, responded with a tactic called the *razzia*—a swift, merciless strike at a native village, sparing nothing and nobody. In one *razzia*, in 1845, nearly 500 Algerian men, women and children were asphyxiated by fires lit at the mouth of a cave in which they had taken refuge. After 15 years of this kind of warfare, Abd-el-Kader finally surrendered, and in 1848 Algeria became legally part of France.

The Dispossessed. In one respect Algeria did, in fact, become part of France. When France lost Alsace-Lorraine to Germany in 1871, tens of thousands of Alsatians who were unwilling to become German citizens settled in Algeria. They were followed over the years by a steady trickle of impoverished French and Corsican peasants and by the dispossessed of Spain, Italy and Malta. Today, one Algerian in ten—some 1,000,000 people—is of European ancestry, though perhaps only a third of those who call themselves French are, in fact, of French descent.

Unlike the British in India, the Frenchmen of Algeria are far more than just a governing caste. Though they are often all loosely called *colons*, only 22,000 of them are landowners, and of these only a few score are genuinely wealthy. The rest of Algeria's Europeans are policemen, office workers, garage proprietors, locomotive drivers, skilled laborers and tradesmen who call themselves French but call Algeria home. To their talent and initiative, the land owes such economic strength as it possesses.

The Price of Success. For the 9,000,000 Moslems in Algeria, nine-tenths of the population, the cry that "Algeria is France" has proved a cruel delusion. The very achievements of French rule have served to increase the misery of the Moslem masses. Many of the highly efficient farms operated by French *colons*—often on land expropriated from Moslems in the 19th century—are not devoted to producing the food that Algeria so desperately needs; instead, they produce wine—which Moslems do not drink. The modern medicine which France introduced has all but wiped out the malaria, typhus, typhoid and venereal diseases which once plagued the Moslems. It has also sent the Moslem population zooming. In 1914 there were 4,000,000 Algerian Moslems; today there are 9,000,000 and by 1988 there will be 18 million. Since Algeria is unable at present to feed more than 3,000,000 people, the result has been mass pauperization. Some 800,000 able-bodied Moslem men are chronically unemployed. At least 2,000,000 Algerian Moslems live entirely upon remittances sent back by the 300,000 Algerian laborers digging the ditches and working the roads in Metropolitan France.

For any Algerian Moslem who sought to rise in the world, the odds were staggering. In 1954 only one out of five Mos-

lem boys and one out of 16 girls went to school. The lucky ones read French textbooks speaking of "our ancestors, the Gauls," but in French army messes, Moslem noncoms drew only two-thirds of the food allowance of Frenchmen of equal rank.

Silver Braid. No one more completely personifies the dilemma of Algeria's Moslems than the gregarious druggist who is Premier of the Provisional Government of the Algerian Republic. Not long ago, sipping fruit juice in a Tunis café, Ferhat Abbas mused: "You know, if I had been born, say, an Egyptian, I would have grown up in Islamic culture and would have been able to feel deeply part of a nation. But my life has been different."

Abbas does not even know whether his ancestors were Berbers or Arabs or both. Family legend has it that his grandfather was a wealthy landowner whose property was confiscated by the French after the bitter, yearlong Kabylia revolt of 1871. But by the time Ferhat was born (Oct. 24, 1899), the Abbas family was completely identified with French rule—so much so that Ferhat's father, a *caïd* (local governor) in the northern Constantine village of Chahna, was ultimately rewarded for his loyalty with the rosette and silver braid of a commander of the Legion of Honor. After running wild with the local shepherds until he was ten, Ferhat entered upon a pattern of life very much like that of any young French boy in Normandy or Picardy. He got his *baccalauréat* at a French lycée in Philippeville, did three years compulsory service as a sergeant in the French army medical corps, then entered the pharmacy school of the University of Algiers, where he avidly read Victor Hugo, Sophocles, and the Declaration of the Rights of Man.

More than anything else, Ferhat Abbas



Coordination

MESSALI HADJ
With a fiery doctrine.

wanted to be a Frenchman of Moslem faith. (At that time, an Algerian Moslem who wanted French citizenship was obliged to abandon his "personal Koranic status," i.e., Moslem practices, such as plural marriage, which conflicted with French law.) In Sétif, a drab Algerian copy of a French provincial town, where he opened a drugstore upon leaving the university, Abbas divorced his first wife (a Moslem), married Marcelle Perez, a handsome, full-blown blonde of Alsatian origin. She was Algerian-born and an expert at preparing that favorite North African dish couscous,* and to this day is more fluent in Arabic than her husband.

Café Companions. Too mercurial and visionary to be a good organizer, Abbas had eloquence and personal charm. As president of the influential Algerian Moslem Students' Association he traveled frequently to France, where he sat up until the wee hours in Paris cafés talking politics with other young North Africans. (Among his café companions: Ahmed Balafrej and Habib Bourguiba, today respectively Premier of Morocco and President of Tunisia.) All that was needed to transform Algeria "from a colony to a province," he liked to say, was legal equality between Algerian Moslems and other Frenchmen. And when World War II broke out, Ferhat Abbas, at 40, enlisted as a medic in a Senegalese outfit. "If I am killed," he said in a goodbye statement, "someone else will continue my task. *Vive la France! Vive l'Algérie!*"

When he returned unscathed to Algeria after the fall of France, Abbas began to sing a different tune. The Nazi victory over the French army damaged France's prestige in her colonies; the U.S. landings in 1942 filled North Africa with heady talk of the Atlantic Charter and a brave new postwar world. Called into private conference with U.S. Minister Robert Murphy (who was trying to whip up Moslem support for the war effort), Abbas emerged with a bold new line: "Henceforth an Algerian Moslem will ask nothing else but to be an Algerian Moslem."

Challenge & Response. Bold as his new stand sounded, events were about to leave Ferhat Abbas far behind. Unnoticed by him—and by the French—a new generation of leaders was emerging in Moslem Algeria. They were a tougher lot. They had seen something of the world in the French army, had learned at first hand about violence, stealth and collective action. Impatient with the political soul-searching and ringing manifestos so dear to Abbas, they preferred the doctrines of fiery Messali Hadj, the artisan's son from the religious center of Tlemcen, who since 1936 had been working for total independence from France. Unlike Messali—who spent most of his time under house arrest or agitating among the Algerians in France—the young postwar nationalists were practical, disciplined men.

On the morning of V-E day, 1945, ten

thousand Moslems appeared in the streets of Abbas' own home town of Sétif brandishing banners which read, DOWNS WITH COLONIALISM, FREE MESSALI. There was a scuffle as gendarmes tried to wrest the banners away, and then, inevitably, a shot rang out. In sudden fury, bands of Moslems took off through Sétif, savagely attacking every European they saw with clubs, knives and hatchets. And as word of the Sétif "uprising" spread through the rugged mountains of Kabylia, bloodthirsty Berber bands, killing, pillaging and looting, set off on the warpath against the area's 200,000 Europeans.

The French response was a holocaust. Throughout the countryside Senegalese, spahis and Foreign Legionnaires were given carte blanche to kill and pillage the

over again, this time on the principle that "if the French come against us with a hammer, we will become mosquitoes." Instead of a single large army, they concentrated on building small, highly trained cadres. As the nucleus of the F.L.N. (*Front de Libération Nationale*) took shape, Mohammed ben Bella, a former French army noncom with a brilliant World War II combat record, negotiated promises of aid from Egypt. Then at 1 a.m. of All Saints' Day, 1954, simultaneously across Algeria, 30 F.L.N. bands struck. The Algerian war had begun.

Collective Responsibility. Only a few months before, neighboring Tunisia had with little bloodshed won from France the promise of internal autonomy. Perhaps F.L.N. leaders did not foresee a long



MOROCCO'S BALAFREJ, TUNISIA'S BOURGUIBA, ALGERIA'S ABBAS
Memories of intrigue in Parisian cafés.

Berbers. Three cruisers of the French navy shelled coastal villages and French air force bombers destroyed 44 native settlements inland. In vengeance for 100 European dead, the French killed thousands of Moslems. Officially, French authorities place Moslem casualties at 1,005, but a prominent French politician recently estimated that the actual figure was closer to 70,000.

The Hammer & the Fly. To Algeria's young nationalists the massacres of May 1945 meant one thing: the only way Algeria would ever get self-government was by armed revolt. Avidly they began to read military history, concentrating on guerrilla warfare—memoirs of French resistance officers, Tito's partisans, Irish rebels. Their first attempt at an underground, the *Organisation Spéciale*, soon had 3,000 recruits, ample stocks of hidden weapons, too ambitious and complex a hierarchy, and a card file of members. Result: when French police once got a lead into the O.S., it swiftly collapsed.

Doggedly the nationalists started all

fight for themselves. But in French eyes, Algeria was not a mere colony like Tunisia; it was an inseparable part of France. "The only negotiation," announced French Interior Minister François Mitterrand, "is war." By middle 1956 there were 400,000 French troops tied down in Algeria. The following year, to seal off Algeria from Tunisia, French forces began construction of the grandiose *Ligne Morice* (named after former Defense Minister André Morice)—a 150-mile, electrified barbed-wire fence running south from the Mediterranean coast parallel to the Tunisian frontier.

As the fighting spread from Algeria's mountains to its rich coastal strip and bustling cities, and as terror bombing deliberately sought innocent victims, the French army in response resorted to measures that outraged the world. When the rebels in August 1955 massacred 70 European settlers, including women and children, the French, adopting the doctrine of "collective responsibility," razed ten Algerian villages. In a report, which the

* Boiled semolina with vegetables, meat or fruit added.

Paris government last year did its best to suppress, a commission composed of some of France's most distinguished civil servants, doctors, diplomats and soldiers stated, among many examples of brutality and injustice, that on three occasions Moslem "suspects" were locked up for the night in empty wine cellars; in the process 68 died of asphyxiation.

The F.L.N., loud in its denunciation of such French "barbarities," was no less brutal to French soldiers, European settlers or their own reluctant Moslem countrymen. In May 1957, to discourage the villagers of Kabylia from rallying to the cause of Messali Hadj—who had long since become the F.L.N.'s bitter enemy—F.L.N. gunmen herded more than 300 peasants into the village of Kasba Mechia (TIME, June 10, 1957), and, when darkness fell, passed among them shooting and stabbing until all were dead. Moslems who persisted in active loyalty to France risked F.L.N. "Execution"—or being found alive but minus ears, noses or tongues.

Will-o'-the-Wisps. Whether by voluntary allegiance or enforced support, the F.L.N. has grown steadily more powerful. After four years of the Algerian war, whole regions of the country (see map) have fallen into rebel hands, are effectively ruled by F.L.N. mayors, tax collectors and administrative officers. The National Liberation army itself has grown from scattered bands of *fellaghas* to a regular force of 120,000 men armed with Mausers, Lee-Enfields, Bren guns, German-made mortars and U.S. 75-mm. recoilless rifles. Between the Morice line and the Tunisian border the rebels have established a major supply depot and training center protected by anti-aircraft guns. In Tunisia itself, with the open connivance of President Habib Bourguiba's government (which is not strong enough to resist them if it wanted to), there are five F.L.N. command posts, two replacement depots, eight hospitals, nine arsenals and three training camps.

Though now a highly organized and professional army, the F.L.N. sticks to guerrilla tactics and suffers when it does not. Sleeping by day and fighting by night, it moves in 40-man combat groups, attacks only when it has a French unit at a disadvantage, withdraws in the face of any major French force. Result is that although the overweight French army has won some local successes—notably the stamping out of terrorism in the casbah of Algiers by General Jacques Massu's hardened paratroopers—most of its time is spent in vain pursuit of a will-o'-the-wisp opponent.

The Sleepy Recruit. To Ferhat Abbas, who deplores violence, the Algerian war at first seemed an unmitigated disaster. During the early months of the revolt he tried to act as an intermediary between the F.L.N. and the French. But in February 1956, when a shower of rotten tomatoes thrown by Algiers *colons* frightened Socialist Premier Guy Mollet into taking a "tough line" in Algeria, Abbas lost the last of his faith in French

good will. Within three months he dissolved his own party, the Democratic Union of the Algerian Manifesto, and turned up at rebel headquarters in Cairo, where he told a press conference: "There is only the F.L.N."

The F.L.N.'s tough young masters, who still suspected him of pro-French loyalty, put him through an apprentice course in clandestine operations, sent him scurrying about Europe, the Middle East and South America as a spokesman for the cause. This was hard work for sleep-loving Ferhat Abbas, who likes to get to bed before 9 every night, already wonders how he will hold his head up at evening functions if he ever becomes head of a genuine Algerian state. Slow as he had



MARCELLE ABBAS
Couscous and fluent Arabic.

been to join the rebellion, Abbas still possessed an asset of incalculable value to the F.L.N.—the most respected name in Algerian politics. Three weeks ago, when the rebels proclaimed formation of a government in exile, everyone agreed that "Papa" Abbas was the logical choice for Premier.

Something Borrowed. The Cabinet over which Abbas presides—he is heard with respect but has no decisive voice—is made up of two loose factions. One, which includes Abbas himself, favors some kind of continuing tie with France, in common with the neighboring Moslem states of Morocco and Tunisia. The other group, made up of men intrigued by the dream of Pan-Arabism, favors more extreme measures in fighting the French.

Paradoxically, two of the leading moderates are the Cabinet's military men—Minister of War Belkacem Krim, a moody, 35-year-old Berber with five death sentences over his head, and Minister of Supply Mahmoud Cherif, 43, a onetime career lieutenant in the French army. The extremists are the politicians, notably Foreign Minister Mohammed

Lamine-Debaghine (whose spectacles and partially paralyzed face have won him the nickname "Mr. Moto") and Minister for North African Affairs Abdelhamid Mahri, an Arabic scholar who sometimes talks like a fellow traveler, argues that the F.L.N. is being pushed into ties with the Communists because of "U.S. support of France."

Many F.L.N. weapons are arms that the British left by the thousands in Egypt, and that Nasser, who now has shiny new Soviet guns to replace them, has turned over to the Algerians. Diplomatically, the F.L.N. has had Soviet bloc support in the U.N., and its newly proclaimed state has been formally recognized only by Red China, North Korea, North Viet Nam and Outer Mongolia among non-Moslem states. (Soviet Russia, playing a devious game in hopes of keeping its influence in Paris, has yet to recognize it.)

F.L.N. leaders like to say that they are grateful for aid from anywhere, but that it is their own soldiers who are doing the dying, and many are resentful of particular of Nasser's attempts to pose as the real force behind the Algerian revolt. They say they have no intention of winning their freedom from France only to lose it to Egypt. Partly to demonstrate its independence of Egypt, the government in exile is planning to transfer its headquarters to Tunisia, will move a first contingent of ministers there this week.

On the Offensive. The tragedy of Algiers is that neither side is strong enough to make a country without the other, and neither army is strong enough to defeat the other. De Gaulle's coming to power last June was the first break in the futile, desperate struggle. De Gaulle, though the candidate of the paratroopers and the die-hard European extremists who toppled the ineffectual Fourth Republic, is not their stooge. Empowered now by his overwhelming mandate, De Gaulle plans to kick Algeria's shilly-shallying Commanding General Raoul Salan upstairs as Inspector General of the French army, and to transfer the impetuous paratroop General Jacques Massu back to France.

De Gaulle's bold decision to have Algerian Moslems vote in his constitutional referendum was a direct challenge to F.L.N. authority. The rebels warned Moslems to stay away, and threatened vengeance on those who voted. An astonishing 80% of all eligible Algerians, including Moslem women voting for the first time, got to the polls. Many were taken there by the French army, but the size of the poll was nonetheless an impressive indication of France's ability to summon some degree of cooperation from Algeria's Moslem population. It could also be read as a Moslem longing for peace, and as a clear rebuff to the F.L.N.

As a soldier, De Gaulle knows that one can only make a peace with those he fights. But he also wants to talk past the F.L.N. to other more moderate Moslem elements in Algeria. That is why, in last week's speech which so annoyed the European extremists in Constantine, De Gaulle sought to conjure up his dramatic



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vision of economic equality. Among the announced goals of his five-year plan: 1) equalization of wages in France and Algeria; 2) distribution of 625,000 acres of reclaimed land among Moslem farmers; 3) schooling (by 1966) for all Moslem children; 4) 10% of all civil service jobs in Metropolitan France and more in Algeria to go to Moslems.

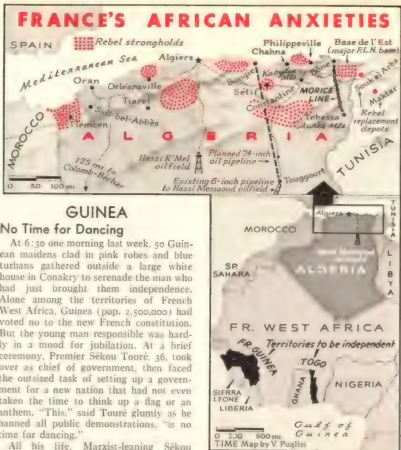
De Gaulle's plan was clearly intended to redress many of the underlying grievances of the Algerian war. But F.L.N. leaders, though trusting him more than his predecessors as a man strong enough to do right, were nonetheless indifferent to his economic promises. Accustomed to thinking only in military and political terms, they were unimpressed by estimates that to raise Algeria's living standards by 2% a year would take an annual foreign investment of \$850 million, and they dismissed with a wave of the hand the obvious fact that without French capital Algeria would face economic catastrophe. Asked what their own economic plans are, the rebels reply: "There's a committee working on it."

The Moment to Negotiate. On the surface, the F.L.N.'s response to De Gaulle's psychological offensive has been uncompromising toughness. In late August the rebels extended the war to France, and in a month of operations struck 180 times against targets ranging from oil dumps to the Eiffel Tower, from cops on the beat to Information Minister Jacques Soustelle.

In actuality, F.L.N. leaders felt neither so confident nor so uncompromising as their public pronouncements suggested. Last week, in the first interview he has granted since he became chief of the government in exile, Ferhat Abbas spelled out for TIME Correspondent Stanley Karnow the F.L.N.'s current position: "As long as De Gaulle does not reveal his hand, we will go on fighting. Our army has never been as strong. We are in a position to take a step forward to a ceasefire. We want to find a humane solution to this war. But while it is true that De Gaulle has not mentioned integration, the French army continues to wipe out villages and kill Algerians."

For the first time since the Algerian war began, the F.L.N. has proclaimed itself ready to discuss a settlement with France without insisting on prior French recognition of Algerian independence. To indicate that they have an alternative, should De Gaulle not respond, the F.L.N. is talking up a daring scheme that could create real trouble: they would call for "armed volunteers" from the Arab world, not because they lack manpower but in order to widen the conflict.

The hope of peace, amidst so much hatred and recrimination, relies on whether both sides at this crucial moment are capable of trust, magnanimity and wisdom. "Stop this absurd fighting," pleaded De Gaulle last week. Answered Ferhat Abbas: "Now is the time to negotiate. We can work out a new kind of relationship between Algeria and France. Even those who are fighting are prepared to find new bonds." The world could only hope so.



GUINEA

No Time for Dancing

At 6:30 one morning last week, 50 Guinean maidens clad in pink robes and blue turbans gathered outside a large white house in Conakry to serenade the man who had just brought them independence. Alone among the territories of French West Africa (pop. 2,500,000) had voted no to the new French constitution. But the young man responsible was hardly in a mood for jubilation. At a brief ceremony, Premier Sékou Touré, 36, took over as chief of government, then faced the outsized task of setting up a government for a new nation that had not even taken the time to think up a flag or an anthem. "This," said Touré glumly as he banned all public demonstrations, "is no time for dancing."

All his life, Marxist-leaning Sékou Touré has dreamed of the day when he would finish the work of the man he claimed as his grandfather—the legendary Chief Samory who fought so fiercely to drive the French out of West Africa. As head of the powerful (700,000 members) *Union Générale des Travailleurs d'Afrique Noire*, he ruthlessly slashed his way to power, often quieted his opponents by the simple expedient of burning down their houses. Though he was a constant troublemaker, French officials grudgingly admired him as the brightest of West Africa's rising young black men. Furthermore, since Guinea sends 6% of its exports to France, and French capital has been pouring into the territory's industries and bauxite mines, Paris never dreamed that Touré would dare to cut himself loose from France entirely.

De Gaulle learned otherwise on a speaker's platform six weeks ago in Conakry, when, as De Gaulle sat in icy silence, Touré thundered: "We prefer poverty in liberty to riches in slavery!" That night the outraged general abruptly canceled a dinner *intime* with Touré. Outraged in turn, Touré went all out in his campaign against the constitution. Result: more than 95% of his people voted *non*.

De Gaulle lost no time in showing Guinea the price of saying no. A special envoy rushed down from Paris, ticked off to Touré the dreaded list of things to come. All French public servants, technicians and army units would leave within three

months. Financial aid would cease, and Guinea's exports (coffee, bananas, bauxite) would be subject to the same stiff tariffs as those of other foreign countries.

As the French tricolor vanished from the land, Touré began to hope that, having slammed the door, he would not find it irrevocably locked behind him. He hailed France as "a friend and generous brother," called for economic negotiations. Though some Frenchmen wanted to teach Touré a lesson, others counseled the dangers of driving him to appeal to Nasser or his old Marxist masters for help. They thought that France should continue "a generous brother," only not so generous as to those who had fraternally voted *oui*.

TOGOLAND

Free by 1960

In Guinea black Africans voted no and got their independence. In Togoland they did not have to vote, but they won a far brighter victory.

Togoland is a hot and humid little country lying between Ghana (which won its independence from Britain) and Nigeria (which is about to). The blacks, about 1,100,000 strong, far outnumber Togoland's 2,000,000 Europeans. A former German protectorate, Togoland has, since 1922, been run by the French, first under a League of Nations mandate and then under a U.N. trusteeship. Its

hottest politician is Premier Sylvanus Olympio, whose family once were slaves in Brazil.

Last May, after his party was swept into power, Olympio proclaimed: "We are masters of our own house." Last month he flew up to Paris to make sure. Though the De Gaulle government has always been sympathetic to his demands, he was sternly told: "If it is independence you have come for, you can have it now and face immediate withdrawal of French administrative and financial aid." Olympio protested that this was no way to treat a U.N. trusteeship. Agreeing that Olympio had a point, the French promised to help train the Togolese to take full control of currency, defense and diplomacy by 1960—if Olympio would keep the terms quiet until France and all its overseas territories had voted on the new constitution. Olympio agreed. Only after the referendum was over did he broadcast the happy news to his people: by 1960 they would be free.

GREAT BRITAIN

Gloomy Labor

"There are some who say that we have nothing left to say, that we did all we had to do after 1945," exclaimed Opposition Leader Hugh Gaitskell, his wiry hair flying, his sharply whittled nose pecking the air with indignation. Before him in Scarborough's Spa Grand Hall, some 7,500 Labor Party delegates sat in somber conclave last week for what all presumed would be their last annual conference before a general election in the spring.

Only a year ago the Tory government of Harold Macmillan was losing one by-election after another, and Labor felt certain of its return to power. But since summer, as Britons' wrath at the Tories' Suez disaster faded, and once unpopular Tory anti-inflationary measures began building a new economic stability, the Macmillan government had bounced back to the top of the opinion polls. Laborites sensed that they might be headed not for office but for a third straight electoral defeat. Opening the conference, Party Chairman Tom Driberg conceded: "Our principles and policies have not yet had the impact on public opinion in Britain that they must have if we are to win the election."

To Wheel or to Charge. The job of rousing an indifferent electorate fell overwhelmingly to Leader Gaitskell. Old Rival Nye Bevan ostentatiously stepped back, indicating by an open reference to his age ("I am 60") that he would rather be a potential Foreign Secretary than a rebel who would never be Prime Minister. That left the left-wingers without a head but still capable of making a lot of noise. With the help of the stolid old trade-union wheel-horses who are the strength of the party, Gaitskell skillfully headed off the more headlong Socialist charges. Hell-bent for equality, they wanted to abolish British public (i.e., private) schools, such as his own posh Winchester. They were beaten (see EDUCATION).



HUGH GAITSKELL
Second in the polls.

Then some of the passel of pacifists, neutralists and fellow travelers wanted to denounce U.S. bases in Britain and scuttle NATO. Gaitskell, a middle-of-the-road friend of NATO and the U.S., took the steam out of their drive by moving an "emergency resolution" vowing not to support any war for Quemoy and pledging "no obsequious silence" before U.S. policy if Labor rules.

To Fly or to Fall. But if Scarborough drew Labor together behind Gaitskell's lead, it was nonetheless a defensive conference, and hardly the kind to inspire a party trying to return to power. "United we fall," cracked one prominent Laborite. Socialists, tied to a creed outworn, see the Tories successfully administering their welfare state, and the public in no mood



ANEURIN BEVAN
Second in line.

for dated dogmas. Gaitskell himself has not caught public fancy. The party has yet to find the proper rocket fuel to propel it on the second stage to its New Jerusalem. About the only fresh election cry came from Gaitskell. In a land where only one family in three has a car, he won big cheers by offering the campaign slogan: "A car for every British family."

The Way of the Squire

Less than a year ago, the attitude of most Tory politicians to their leader, Prime Minister Harold Macmillan, was respectful but restrained: a fine man in the House of Commons, they said, but hardly a man to appeal to the people. He looked too sedately Edwardian; people did not know what to make of him. Then, partly as a result of his U.S. visit and the widespread rebroadcast of a humanizing TV appearance with Ed Murrow, the British public—and Tory leaders too—began to see their chief in a new light.

Last week, after completing a getting-to-know-you tour of Britain's grimy industrial Midlands—the first by a Prime Minister since Churchill's V-fingered tour in World War II—Macmillan confirmed the fact that he is something fresh and original in British politics. As one disgruntled Laborite reporter observed while suffering through a factory workers' ovation for the P.M.: "Why, they're doing everything but touching their forelocks."

Rope and Chains. It was not that the Prime Minister had gone unduly democratic. Always the courtly squire in the aristocratically rumpled suit, he responded to crowds with a wave that seldom took his arm above his shoulder, and they liked him for not trying to be what he was not. Accompanied by his Lady (who is a daughter of the late ninth Duke of Devonshire, and showed herself pleasantly old-shoeish), Macmillan neatly dodged political questions, mumbled his way through a string of "Splendids," "Jolly goods," and "God bless you ails." Instead of putting people off, his very proper U-ness was apparently just the thing to put giggling factory girls and suntanned Shropshire lads at their ease. He showed endless interest in everything from a boys' rope-swinging exercise in a Worcester gym class to the manufacture of chains in Walsall.

Fed up with "life in that Vatican City called Downing Street," Macmillan had announced that he was "out to have some fun." In Wolverhampton, while Lady Macmillan unpacked the bags at the hotel, he popped up at a local Butchers' Association hall, announced that he could not "resist a good hand." Next day, his pants rolled up, he tramped through the Kidderminster cattle market, chuckled loudly when a runaway pig scampered between his legs (being photographed with pigs was a specialty of a previous Tory Prime Minister, Stanley Baldwin). Later Macmillan dropped in at the Half Moon for a spot of ale. Near Shrewsbury he

* Just 30 years after Herbert Hoover became U.S. President on the slogan: "Two cars in every garage."

donned a pair of hastily bought gum boots for a plowing and hedging contest, sloshed over 17 acres, talking farming all the way.

The Man Nobody Knew. Back at "Vatican City," the Prime Minister had every reason to be pleased with his lot. With the Laborites in near disarray, Tory stock was going up, the nation's gold and dollar reserves were at a seven-year high of more than \$3 billion, and not even Britain's fear of war over Quemoy had produced much of a public clamor. The man nobody thought could ever be popular had brought his party a long way from the dark days of Suez. Said one happy Tory last week: "We're well on our way to having a Father Figure."

ages of 15 and 30, herded them into a barbed-wire compound, where they were made to sit beneath a searchlight's glare, hands clasped on their heads. The British were angry and rough, and admitted it. In the roundup, at least 150 Greek Cypriots were injured, and three persons died.

The Archbishop's Plan. It was a bitter beginning for Britain's hapless "adventure in partnership," the plan to freeze the status of Cyprus for seven years, during which the Turkish and Greek governments would be drawn into running the island's day-to-day affairs in a kind of tridominium. The Greeks were dead set against any plan to get Turkey into the act. As the deadline for the plan's start approached,

"Death to the plan." From Athens, Makarios dispatched an inflammatory statement: "I call upon the Greek Cypriot people to oppose vigorously the enforcement of the new British plan and to fight it as one man." The Greek EOKA terrorists who shot down Mrs. Cutcliffe had apparently got the message.

With the "partners" on Cyprus sharply at odds, and Greece muttering about quitting NATO, Paul-Henri Spaak, NATO's Secretary-General, flew to Athens, offered a proposal: a conference of all parties in a new attempt to solve the agonizing quarrel. Accepting, Greece for the first time in three bitter years showed itself willing to sit down with Turkey though denying it is any of Turkey's business.

IRAQ

One Down

Already on the skids, aggressive young Army Colonel Abdul Salam Mohammed Aref, 38, who longed to be the Nasser of Iraq, had to take a much harder bump last week. A month ago Prime Minister Abdul Karim Kassem removed his fellow conspirator in the Baghdad revolt from the army second-in-command. Last week, as armored cars trundled through the streets, Baghdad radio broadcast that "in the public interest" Aref had been dismissed from his two ministerial posts and banished to the ambassadorship to West Germany. Two other Cabinet ministers, who wanted union now with Nasser, also lost their posts.

Kassem pronounced himself still an admiring brother of Nasser, but he was plainly not ready to become a satellite. Instead, he pushed on with his own Nasser-like program in Iraq. Kassem created a new state agency empowered to strip Iraq's feudal landlords of all but 250 acres of irrigated land, 500 acres of nonirrigated land. Within five years, the state promised to hand out this land to peasants in parcels of $7\frac{1}{2}$ to 30 acres, set up cooperatives to help the peasants get started, and pay off the expropriated owners in 20-year government bonds. Kassem was taking on what old Nuri as-Said, for all his enlightened oil-revenue spending, never dared tackle—the opposition of feudal landholders who have wielded almost absolute local power, and in cases exacted up to 90% of tenants' earnings as rent, and in their own courts could inflict even flogging on sharecroppers who defrauded.

If Kassem can bring off land reform, he will not need to worry about his popularity with the Iraqi masses who were busy last week snipping out Aref's face from the posters saluting "Kassem and Aref, Heroes of the Revolution."

THE MIDDLE EAST

Fires Burning

Only last July the flames of aggression blazed so high in the Middle East that the U.S. and Britain dispatched emergency fire fighters to Lebanon and Jordan, and the whole world scrambled for the summit in asbestos suits. Last week, on



TOURIST MACMILLAN IN MIDLANDS TEA LINE
Jolly good, splendid and God bless you all.

Joseph McKenna-Lite

CYPRUS

The Warring Partners

Through three years of shooting, bombing and burning, terrorists have knocked off British servicemen and fellow Cypriots indifferently. But the wives and children of British troops have generally felt free to go shopping or to sun themselves without fear.

One afternoon last week Margaret Cutcliffe, 18, daughter of a sergeant in Britain's 29th Light Anti-Aircraft Regiment, went shopping with her mother and a friend for her first evening dress—to be worn at her first dance. As the three women emerged from a shop on Famagusta's Hermes Street, the dress triumphantly in hand, Margaret screamed. Two black-trousered youths bore down on them, poured a packet of bullets into the backs of Margaret's mother and her companion, Mrs. Cutcliffe, mother of five (the youngest 15 months), slumped to the sidewalk dead. Her friend, the wife of a sergeant in the same regiment, was seriously injured.

Setting out on a house-to-house search for the murderers, British troops rounded up more than 1,000 males between the

Archbishop Makarios, the bearded Greek Orthodox Ethnarch whom the British expelled from Cyprus for encouraging Greek Cypriot violence, came up with an unexpected proposal: he dropped his old demand for *enosis* (union of Cyprus with Greece), and asked only for independence for the island.

The British, heartily suspicious of Makarios, thought his proposal too vaguely worded, and just "another Makarios trick," decided to go ahead with "partnership" despite Greek protests. Only Turkey said "Howdy, podner." Its special representative reported for duty to British Governor Sir Hugh Foot. But to soften passions, the Turks appointed as their adviser to Foot not someone from Ankara—who might have been welcomed at the airport with bombs—but the Turkish consul general in Nicosia, who was already there. Shrugged 55-year-old Burhan Ishin, a husky onetime Turkish national soccer star and longtime diplomat: "After all, I can only die once."

Agonizing Quarrel. Greece sent no representative at all; Greek Cypriots shuttered their shops in protest, their schoolchildren paraded in the streets shouting

the strength of International Fire Chief Dag Hammarskjöld's diplomatic finding that the flames were now well under control, the U.S. and Britain announced that they would pull all their men out of the two little countries by month's end.

To "keep under purview the adherence of all" Arab neighbors to the amity pledge they gave in last summer's U.N. resolution, Hammarskjöld set up in Jordan's capital of Amman a new "U.N. organ," in the person of Under Secretary Pier P. Spinelli of Italy. He in turn would have other watchdogs in Beirut and Damascus—but not in Cairo, where President Nasser insists there is no need of any.

Though his crown is as precariously perched as when the British arrived last summer, Jordan's young King Hussein last week said he could now run his own show, released political prisoners in droves, and talked blissfully of his hopes for better relations with his Arab neighbors. Perhaps he counted on Nasser's being too busy with his own internal problems, or too leary of Israel to start something.

As for luckless Lebanon, it showed signs of turning into an uglier situation than the one the U.S. went in to reverse. This time it is the Christian half of the populace, rallying closer to former President Camille Chamoun than they did when he was in office, who are the rebels. Chamoun now excoriates the U.S. for endorsing a regime that contains only his enemies. Just as Chamoun swung too Westward for Lebanon's Moslems to stomach, now the rebel-led Cabinet swings too far toward Nasser for Chamoun and the Christians to tolerate.

Led by a tough street mob belonging to the Christian Phalange,* the new rebels have tied up the streets and shops of Beirut with strikes and rioting more effectively than the Moslem rebels ever did. Last week, as more than a dozen Lebanese died, the new President, Fuad Chehab, was providing continuing proof of his immense capacity for doing nothing. As another 1,000 U.S. soldiers were evacuated, U.S. officials fretted over the danger of religious warfare between Christians and Moslems.

SPAIN

Dictator's Day

It was just 22 years since he took over as the Caudillo of Spain, and Francisco Franco, 65, is not the sort to let an anniversary pass unnoticed. Last week, at the "suggestion" of the government, Madrid's newspapers dutifully listed Franco's accomplishments (e.g., no fewer than 16 towns now bear the name Franco). "The moral qualities of Francisco Franco as a ruler," said *Arriba*, "are infinitely superior to those of Emperor Augustus, Charles V, and Napoleon." Such men as Franco, concluded the Catholic *Pa*, "are the instruments of the highest designs of Provi-



GENERALISSIMO FRANCO
Morally superior to Napoleon?

dence." The Monarchist *A.B.C.* recalled Vichy Marshal Pétain's remark that Generalissimo Franco's "is the cleanest sword in Europe." Only the Syndicalist paper *Pueblo* avoided sycophantic assent. Wrote *Pueblo* sharply: "We believe that rhetoric is indissolubly united to the decadence of Spain over the past centuries."

Even those who did not like the dictator had to concede his staying power. He had won the Civil War (with German and Italian help). He kept out of World War II (except to send his Blue Division to fight against Russia). And he had avoided the postwar debacle of his fellow fascist dictators. Though denounced by the U.N. in its early days, Spain is now a U.N. member. And largely because of letting the U.S. build vast air and naval bases in Spain, Franco has in recent years got more than \$1 billion in U.S. aid.

Spain is still a dictatorship, but not so severely as it once was. It is more prosperous than it used to be—though still the poorest nation in Western Europe, outside its next-door neighbor Portugal, where a fellow dictator, Antonio de Oliveira Salazar, is Franco's only senior in office.

WEST GERMANY

The Herr Doktor

The thin, balding man who walked into the Defense Ministry at Bonn was exactly what the new *Bundeswehr* wanted. He introduced himself as Herr Doktor Robert Schneider with degrees in medicine, philosophy, psychiatry and law. Unmarried and with a lucrative psychiatric practice in the city of Goslar, Schneider nevertheless wanted to become an army medical officer. "This will mean a personal sacri-

fice, but money has never been a part of my life," he said nobly. "One must have ideals."

That was three years ago. The army enthusiastically grabbed Schneider, appointed him a staff doctor with a major's salary. Top officers glowed about Schneider's "outstanding" abilities and moved him to the job of *Sachbearbeiter für psychologische Fragen* (expert on psychological problems) at the Cologne induction center. There, he worked out a guidance handbook to help officers in screening volunteers for the army, boasted that his methods were used in the induction of 80,000 German soldiers. Said a brigadier general: "Schneider's work remains the basic pattern for the techniques of induction officers. As a creative worker in the field of military psychology, he has proven high capacity."

The Hoax. But armies also have bureaucracies. The Defense Ministry, completing its routine file, needed additional documentation on Schneider's German citizenship. The city officials of Goslar could find none, and thus began the first unraveling of a forged life that resulted last week in Robert Schneider's standing trial in Bonn for 52 cases of fraud, 25 cases of falsification of documents, and various charges of unlawfully assuming academic titles. While all Germany gulfed at the hoax pulled on the new German army, the state prosecutor indignantly stated that the accused was plain Robert Schneider, 39, a house painter, carpet beater and handyman from Vienna who had already served time in an Austrian jail for earlier forgeries.

In court Schneider at first was equally indignant, alleged that his "confession" had been extracted from him by the police "while I was under the influence of alcohol." But then he blandly admitted forging dozens of documents, ranging from "proof" that he had been in Nazi concentration camps to "proof" that he had served in the Nazi army. With an embarrassed smile, he agreed that he had used his own falsified army identification card in lectures showing troops how to avoid just such forgeries. Roared the judge: "Did you not become tired of making these forgeries?" Replied Schneider: "Not really, once I had done the first one, I felt it made no difference if I kept going."

Professional Fraude. When the judge expressed amazement at the excellence of one forgery, Schneider turned red with pleasure and stood up and made a small bow towards the bench. Schneider also proudly explained how he avoided detection once. An orderly-room corporal had seen him pocket a rubber stamp for possible future use. With aplomb Schneider returned the stamp, explaining: "I was testing your psychological response."

The state's prosecutor confessed that, despite a year's research, he was only able to trace Schneider's movements with any accuracy back to the end of the war. Beyond that, "things were spotty." Prisoner Schneider sighed his apology. "It is true," he admitted. "I have led a varied life."

* Modeled after the disciplined Fascist groups its leader admired on a trip to Italy and Germany in 1936.

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THE HEMISPHERE

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

Agents' Reward

How much did Dominican Dictator Rafael Trujillo pay Lawyer Morris Ernst and his associates for their report absolving Trujillo in the Galindez-Murphy murders (TIME, July 20, 1957)? The figure, as announced by the Justice Department: \$562,855.39 in fees and expenses, one of the largest payoffs ever reported under the Foreign Agents Registration Act.

ARGENTINA

Big Red Schoolhouse

When a mysterious couple rented huge Stella Maris estate in Buenos Aires' residential town of General Pacheco, the villagers were naturally curious, buzzed about who the strangers were, where they came from, what they were doing. No one could find out. Not even delivery boys got past the front gate. What went on inside the two houses, the annex, in the fine garden, the orchard, swimming pool and volleyball field? The windows were curtained; a seemingly endless stream of strangers went to and fro; and they ate enough food for a platoon. Townfolk talked about smugglers, maybe even revolutionaries.

Good Morning, Professor. Provincial Criminal Investigation Director Benito Ibañez listened to the gossip and sent a few men around for a routine snoop. When they got nowhere Ibañez sallied forth with 70 armed cops and barged into the larger of the two houses gun in hand, ready for anything. Not even Ibañez was prepared for what he saw. Flanked by a Red star bearing the hammer and sickle, a tall, mustachioed teacher was holding

class for some two dozen adult students. Ibañez had stumbled onto the "Aurora" college—an international center for training Communist propagandists.

Amid a torrent of abuse, the police whisked the head man, one "Professor" Arturo Rogelio Ferrari, and his students off to the station. It was quite a haul: two lawyers from Bolivia, a literature professor from Ecuador, a schoolteacher from Caracas, another from Panama, a tailor from Colombia, a seamstress from Peru, a mason from Italy. All were following a six-month course that had started four months before. All lived in strict discipline. Reveille was at 6 a.m. to the strains of the Soviet Air Force march. The "students" studied Latin American politics and economics, the place of women in Communism, Russian history, ideology, public speaking, propaganda, etc. The most convincing debaters and public speakers got special diplomas. Money to finance the school came from the Argentine Communist Party, but the parties in each student's country paid for his trip and living expenses.

"I Can Be a Lawyer Too." By the time Crime Chief Ibañez returned to headquarters with his prisoners, two of Argentina's top Commie lawyers, Julio Viaggio and Rodolfo Alfaro, were waiting with writs of habeas corpus. "Aha. I can be a lawyer too," snapped the chief. Where was Professor Ferrari's boardinghouse permit? "This is against municipal law." With that, Ibañez closed Stella Maris, charged its tenants with illicit operations.

Last week the mysterious Aurora was fading, but few people doubted that a new one would open somewhere else. The federal police estimated that within the last year alone Argentine Reds have received some \$30 million from abroad.



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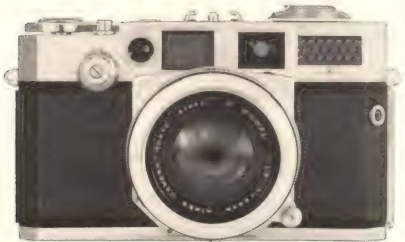
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THE AMERICAS

The Material Things of Life

Roman Catholics of South America and those of North America approach their faith from highly different points of view. So says Jesuit Theologian Gustave Weigel of Woodstock College, who taught at Chile's Universidad Católica from 1937 to 1948. Writing in Notre Dame's *Review of Politics*, Weigel says that the North-erner believes that "life is for work, with the work occasionally interrupted with leisure so that future work be more efficient." To the Latino, "life is for leisure, interrupted occasionally with work so that leisure itself be possible." Latin American students in U.S. Roman Catholic universities, says Jesuit Weigel, are constantly complaining to him that Catholicism in the U.S. is "banal and too pedestrian. When a Latin American listens to a sermon, he wants to enjoy it with deep feeling . . . I have seen Latin American boys who entered into almost ecstatic converse with Christ after Communion, though they skipped all parts of the Mass other than the Communion . . ."

The Spanish Americans, says Weigel, "are extremely intelligent as a group, quick in their perceptions and brilliant in their conceptions." The Latino also tends to combine the romantic loftiness of Don Quixote with the earthy unscrupulousness of Sancho Panza. He has genius for whole-hearted friendship, and this is what U.S. statesmen should appeal to. But "on the level of mundane existence he is prone to be a refined or crude sensualist. He needs material things for life, but he is not squeamish how they are to be acquired. Since leisure, high speculation and ecstasy mean so much to him, he is coldly indifferent to how the material needs of life are to be achieved. If it requires the exploitation of a different class, he exploits his neighbor without any feeling of guilt."

CANADA

Eyes South

Canada's army, like the R.C.A.F., is in the midst of a historic conversion. Always British-oriented, it is now turning toward the U.S. for a new array of weapons. To start, Canada will buy the U.S. Lacrosse, a highly mobile artillery rocket with pinpoint accuracy, send the first units to Canadian NATO forces in Germany. The army also likes the U.S. Hawk ground-to-air missile for defense against low-flying planes, wants other U.S. missiles for anti-tank weapons. Eventually, Canada hopes to get nuclear warheads, both for the Lacrosse missile and for the Bomarc interceptor recently adopted by the R.C.A.F.

News of the shift toward the U.S. came clear to Canadians last week, caused more of a stir than the R.C.A.F.'s similar decision (*TIME*, Oct. 6). Some critics of the new policy complained that Canada is becoming too dependent on the U.S. for military muscle. But there was really no alternative; the U.S. has what Canada needs. Said a Canadian colonel: "Canada will have an army again."



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PEOPLE



MISS AMERICA 1958
A get-together.

It was a bang-up day in tiny (pop. 1,827) Brandon, Miss. Back from her triumphs in Yankeealand, back for the flashbulbs, the high-school bands, the parades and the sorghum-sweet welcome, came the local girl who had made good: willowy, winsome Mary Ann Mobley, 21. **Miss America of 1958.** Throughout the weekend celebrations in Jackson, Vicksburg and Brandon, Mary Ann smiled graciously, accepted tokens of esteem (including TV sets and a dozen hams), broke down when she saw that Brandon had renamed Main Street as Mary Ann Drive.

There was one point when **Dr. Norman Vincent Peale** nearly quit the ministry in a fit of despondency. Described in a new biography,* the crisis took place in 1955. While on his way to Harrison Valley, N.Y., from Manhattan, to visit his dying father, Dr. Peale read a highly critical article in *Redbook* quoting Theologians Liston Pope and Franklin Clark Fry, among others, as calling Peale's type of religion "very nearly blasphemous" and "a parody." As he read, Peale "felt something wince and shrivel inside of him." That night on the train, Peale wrote out his resignation as pastor of Manhattan's Marble Collegiate Church. After Peale's minister father died at 85, his stepmother Mary said, "Your father left a message for you . . . just put his trust in Jesus Christ and never quit." Peale handed his wife his letter of resignation, un-sent. "Here," he said, "Tear it up."

Trailed by a maid, a miniature poodle named Neco and 30 pieces of luggage, prim, vocally prodigious Soprano **Renata Tebaldi**, 36, arrived in Manhattan from

Italy to greet her new secretary and companion, United Nations Guide Linda Barone, then plunged on to Chicago, where she opens the Lyric Opera's season in Verdi's *Falstaff*. Two and a half weeks later she will open the 74th season of Manhattan's Metropolitan Opera in *Tosca*.

"I never read for pleasure," said cap-tious, craft-minded Novelist **John P. Marquand** to the New York *Herald Tribune*. "I don't have time. If spare moments do occur, I read Dumas, Tolstoy and Trollope, in that order, with occasionally a little Conrad. Sometimes I read Fielding, but that's only when I'm alone in the evening and have three drinks inside me. Richardson? He requires more drinks."

In Washington, scrappy **James K. Vardoman Jr.**, 64, St. Louis banker who fought with the Navy at Sicily and Okinawa in World War II and ended his active service as Naval Aide (with the rank of commodore) to Crony **Harry Truman**, submitted his resignation as one of the seven members of the Federal Reserve Board, after more than twelve years' service. One reason: poor health.

Obligingly had Florida's Dade County Metro Commission voted to legalize gambling in the Miami area after ex-Heavy-weight Champ **Jack Dempsey**, 63, now a heavy 250 or so, stepped up to say that he and some Manhattan backers had \$1,000,000 to open a casino. But both Dade and Dempsey went down for the count when word of the project reached Governor



Lynn Pelham—Rapho-Gullumette
EX-CHAMP DEMPSEY
A gambler.



SOPRANO TEBALDI
A greeting.

LeRoy Collins, who noted that state law was again it, asked: "What in the world have they been smoking down there?"

The asking price (\$500,000 before repairs) was too steep even for a Texas millionaire who made inquiries. Even less appealing was the condition of the 40-room, 16th century Chateau de Vauvenargues in sunny Provence. Fortnight ago, the pleased master of Vauvenargues showed up for a housewarming. At first Homeowner **Pablo Picasso** thought that the dank castle, which has no central heating and little plumbing, would make a fine warehouse, later decided to move in himself. Proletarian Pablo would undoubtedly forgo the title (marquis) that goes with the moldy heap, but the price of restoration—an estimated \$500,000—would give him an even better one: France's most richly housed Communist.

The Hurlingham Polo Association revised its ratings, upped the handicap of the **Duke of Edinburgh** from three goals to four (of a possible ten). Significance: only two other British players now out-rank the sports-loving prince.

Novelist **James (Some Came Running) Jones** settled down with Wife Gloria (a onetime stand-in for Marilyn Monroe) in a three-room Paris walk-up overlooking the Seine, worked mornings on his latest novel about Jazz Guitarist Django Reinhardt, kept afternoons free to match wits with electric pinball machines in neighborhood bistros. Gloria, who has been sampling *haute couture*, said of the pinballs: "This is a new thing, and I suppose it will pass. He just gets so wound up."

Peripatetic Democrat **Adlai Stevenson**, arriving in San Francisco to do some political hustling for fellow Democrats, did

* Norman Vincent Peale, *Minister to Millions* (Prentice-Hall; \$4.95), by Arthur Gordon.



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his spent best to hush up any 1960 talk about himself for, say, the presidency. After a girl handed him a broom "to sweep them all out in 1960," photographers gleefully demanded a flurry of re-takes. Clutching the broom, an embarrassed Stevenson advanced grimly on a squad of girls bearing "Don't say no. Adlai" placards, mumbled helplessly: "I'm sorry to disappoint you—I'll try to find another candidate."

Goaded by protests from abroad and a telegram from Secretary of State Dulles, Alabama's Governor James E. Folsom called to his office Negro Yardman **Jimmie Wilson**, 55, condemned to die by an all-white jury for robbing a white widow of \$1.95 (TIME, Sept. 1), commuted his death sentence to life imprisonment.

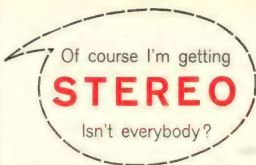
Winding up an impressively ceremonial week, **Princess Margaret** headed for a rest at Balmoral Castle after a visit to



Princess Margaret
Frightened by a Fiat.

Belgium. Highlights of the four-day trip: a narrow escape from being clobbered by a Fiat on the slippery cobblestones of Bruges; a state dinner with scholarly young (28) **King Baudouin** at the Royal Hunting Lodge; a fast-paced peek at the Brussels Fair, where she peered gingerly through fixed wall binoculars at the stage of the British Pavilion's theater.

In the friendly confines of a Y.M.C.A. meeting, TV Actor **Ben Alexander**, *Dragnet*'s heavy-footed Sergeant Frank Smith, in real life a solid businessman and parent (three children), rapped out his private A.P.B. on a teen idol, the late Cinemactor **James Dean**: "This ruthless, selfish, egotistical young fool was nobody's idol until our children were told that he was. He was an All-American rebel against all manners, morals, family decency and Christian society."



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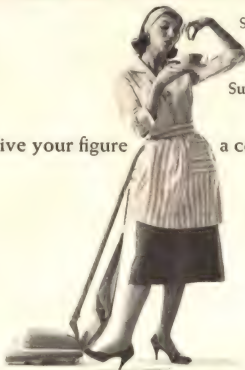


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EDUCATION

Thunder on the Left

To Britain's gusty, professionally disgruntled Labor Party, the last important flag of privilege in a land now heavily socialized fly from the most offensive fortresses of all—the nation's great public (fee-charging) schools. For years, Labor leaders have stressed their blood bond with the common man by declaring ringingly that public (*i.e.*, private) schools should be closed down—even when, as has sometimes been the case, the Labor orators have been Eton or Winchester men themselves.

Labor's committee on Education published a lengthy report last summer. Instead of thunderous denunciations of tui-

In hot-worded debate, Labor's educational moderates, among them onetime Minister of National Insurance Jim Griffiths, pointed out the obvious: to close the privately supported schools would be vindictive foolishness, and to socialize them would merely place a huge additional drain on already skimpy government educational funds.

Narrow Margin. But the abolitionists railed louder than ever; pretty young Delegate June Hay derided the committee report as a mere excuse for Laborites who send their own children to private schools. Slyly, onetime Defense Minister Emanuel Shinwell dug at Hugh Gaitskell and other private-school men among the platform-sitters: "I wish I had gone to one of these

Bank. Gaither, who helped give the foundation its present shape and direction, announced last May that he would return to his San Francisco law practice. Still in office as the foundation's guiding force and chief executive: able President Henry Heald.

The Organization Scholar

Does the Academic Procession sometimes resemble an Oklahoma land rush for prestige and pay, with an unseemly flapping of gowns and gums as scholars jostle for position? In a book that seems likely to make the organization scholar a notorious subspecies of the herd-running Organization Man, Sociologists Theodore Caplow and Reece J. McGee examine the rush as it is run at ten unnamed major universities. The authors of *The Academic Marketplace* (Basic Books; \$4.95) find schools and scholars ridden with intrigue and lust for prestige, often indifferent to teaching and scholarship.

Documentation of their charges suggests some clear—and clearly controversial—answers to a question put by Columbia Dean Jacques Barzun in the foreword: "Why has the American college and university so little connection with Intellect?" In language that is often witty and only occasionally typical of sociology's bread-pudding prose, Professors Caplow (University of Minnesota) and McGee (University of Texas) list academe's hurtful mores and petty machinations. Some of the worst:

Promotion. "It is neither an overgeneralization nor an oversimplification to state that in the faculties of major universities in the United States today, the evaluation of performance is based almost exclusively on publication." Result: a neglect of what teachers are hired for—teaching—and "a great deal of foolish and unnecessary research . . . undertaken by men who bring to their investigations neither talent nor interest." The ambitious academician's sole aim is to accumulate published titles, as a young actor squirls away television credits. Title-squirreling pays off: "Success is likely to come to the man who has learned to neglect his assigned duties" in favor of his "private professional interests."

Hiring. Ability to teach is, for the most part, not important. Sample quotes from hiring committees: 1) "The biggest thing is that other people think well of him." 2) "They're supposed to be able to teach, I guess." 3) "Our requirements are purely mathematical; no one gives a damn if you can teach." Scholarship appears to count for little more; the weight of scholarly articles is tallied, but seldom, committee members admitted, are the articles read. More than one university confessed that a socially presentable wife is one of the scholarly attributes it looks for.

Conformity. Not surprisingly, the authors list agreement with one's department head as a must for advancement. But conformity reaches beyond scholarly dogmas. One teacher complained that his department head "believed that conviviality and sociability were the prime qualities for a professor. We had parties twice



BRITAIN'S ETON

Margaret Bourke-White—LIFE

Social segregation or expert education?

tion institutions, it made sensible recommendations for strengthening the spotty government-supported school system. But thunder was in the air, and at last week's Labor Party Conference (see *FOREIGN NEWS*) it boomed deafeningly.

Hot Words. Labor M.P. Fred Peart cried that fee-charging education "buys positions of privilege in industry and politics. What's good enough for the dull son of a rich man must be good enough for the brilliant son of the poor man . . . I condemn racial segregation; and I condemn social segregation."

Peart's oratory—aimed at preventing ratification of the education committee's report as part of the next Labor platform—ignored facts that, as a minority member of the education committee, he knew as well as his listeners. Scholarship programs ensure public-school education for brilliant sons of the poor; and while the fee-charging schools have always been centers of privilege, snobbery is less important than the fact that they provide Britain's best pre-university education.

schools; there is no saying how far I would have gone."

When the proxy vote came, it was close: 3,067,000 in favor of abolishing private schools, 3,544,000 against. Then, by a wide margin, the conference approved the committee report, which urges raising the compulsory school age from 15 to 16, seeks to do away with the rigorous examinations that now decide the educational future of most British children at the age of eleven.

Appointment of the Week

Since its yeasty youth under moon-shooting Idea Men Paul Hoffman and Robert Maynard Hutchins, the vast Ford Foundation (\$2.7 billion in current assets) has grown more staid. Latest evidence: the appointment of Manhattan Banker John J. McCloy, U.S. High Commissioner for Germany from 1949 to 1952, to succeed H. Rowan Gaither Jr. as board chairman. McCloy, 63, will take over in December without leaving his post as board chairman of the Chase Manhattan

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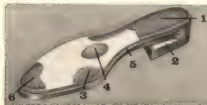
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a month, played golf, etc. all the time. We also had a lousy department."

Sociologists Caplow and McGee dust up a storm of statistics, even compile a table of percentages on professors who are given farewell parties before leaving for other jobs. They also manage to throw in enough anonymous professorial gossip to make sure that their blast is an academic bestseller. Grouses one professor-hiring department chairman, of the candidates sent him from the great universities: "We took him on the basis of the enthusiastic support of an outstanding professor at Harvard. That's very important. If Princeton pushes a man, I know it means I'll have to look somewhere else. I don't trust Columbia either, or Chicago. With one or two exceptions in each department, those bastards are shysters; they'll say anything about anyone to get a man placed." Say the authors: "We have no desire to expose, only to analyze."

Americans at Moscow U.

With remarkably little ceremony or commotion, 15 U.S. graduate students last week checked into Moscow State University, inspected the comfortable single rooms they had been assigned, and settled down to begin work on their Ph.D. theses. Part of a group of 21 Russian-speaking young men—the other six are enrolled at the Leningrad State University—they are the first students sent for a year's study in Russia under this year's cultural agreement, and the first U.S. scholars to enroll at Russian universities since before World War II. Twenty Russian students are expected to arrive in the U.S. later this month.

Chosen by the U.S.'s Inter-University Committee on Travel Grants, the U.S. students are guests of the Russian government, receive a handsome 1,500-ruble (\$375) monthly allowance—twice the subsidy Russia gives its own graduate students. Rent costs them one ruble a day, and food is sold at student rates. Most of the men, ranging in age from 22 to 37, are married, but at week's end only 23-year-old Harvard Political Science Student Jeremy Azrael had managed to take his wife. Shy, smiling Gabrielle Azrael says she has no pretensions to a Ph.D., but wants to learn Russian. Dependents left in the U.S. are supported by the Inter-University Committee.

Fields of study represented include most of the humanities and social sciences—but no physics or chemistry. The only student classifiable as a physical scientist is Robert Taaffe, 28, an economic geographer from the University of Chicago. Theses will be keyed to the U.S.S.R., e.g., Azrael's comparative study of industrialization's social effects in Russia and the U.S. University officials have promised complete freedom of study, and the Americans have been warmly accepted socially. In one friendly bull session, a U.S. economist had even tried to convince a horrified Soviet wrestling champ that Americans do not really hold mail-and-maim contests in which the object is to kill one's opponent.



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Collage by Clarence H. Carter. Prints show 18th-century French glass blowers, medieval Italian market place

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SHOW BUSINESS

Old Master

Reclining in his rocking chair, he looked like a middle-aged man at the end of a long day, but when he opened his mouth, he was the master entertainer. Bing Crosby's topnotch ABC special last week swayed along with rocking-chair ease; its spare (but expensive) sets and casual tone made the usual frenetic TV variety shows look sick by comparison. With Crooner Dean Martin, Gospel Shouter Mahalia



CROONER CROSBY
Cherries with cream.

Jackson and Songstress Patti Page. Crosby ambled from *Life Is Just a Bowl of Cherries* to Irish and Italian folk songs. He even threw in a few songs in response to "requests," a device he admitted having copped from one Perry Creamy.

In a creamy package deal with ABC involving about \$2,000,000, Bing will do two hour-long shows a year for five years, also turn out ten filmed shows, for which he will act only as producer. Groans Bing: "I know I can't get by much longer singing." Many who heard him last week will howl in disagreement.

Private Eyes

Tired of being on the wrong end of the TV quiz show scandals, Producers Dan Enright and Jack Barry (*Twenty One*, *Tic Tac Dough*, *Concentration*, *Dough-It*) asked their bosses at NBC to relieve them of all "production responsibilities." NBC eagerly agreed. They will spend their free time, said Barry and Enright, "disproving the unfounded charges against the integrity of our programs."

The Folks at Home

Week after week, the ratings of Robert Young's Emmy-winning show, *Father Knows Best*, demonstrated that father really does. So it was sure as apple pie that other members of the family would gather at the festive board. Already lined up this season: one homey fracas in which mom knows best, another in which grandpa takes over the Socratic chores.

¶ Donna Reed (ABC, Wed., 9-9:30 p.m.), mother of two, wife of a doctor, is an inoffensive archetype of the mythical figure whose chuckleheadedness is just a cheery wrapper around an infallible intuitive wisdom. In time for the final embrace, she usually squashes at least half a dozen domestic crises (mostly of her own making) and straightens out whatever is troubling the neighbors. But her forte is in canny diagnosis of ailments that have baffled her doctor hubby; the silly old dear could not see a wart under his own nose. Actress Reed plays mom with engaging charm. But the directors have hobbled the stride of the show with many a long, purposeless pause, as if they thought that viewers would be howling at the line that preceded it.

¶ *The Ed Wynn Show* (NBC, Thurs., 8-8:30 p.m.) covers much the same ground with the same sentimental tarpaulin. Old Vaudevillian Wynn, who last year at 70 rose up as a dramatic actor in *The Great Man*, brings only hints of his legendary Palace clowning to his new home—a simple frame house in a small college town. As a kindly widower raising two granddaughters—and all sorts of sagacious Cain with the town fathers—Wynn emits enough warmth to heat Buffalo for a month. It is as comedy that the show is not so hot.

New Dimensions

Measuring "the dimensions of radio and television," *Broadcasting* magazine reported that:

¶ There are now 530 television stations in the U.S. (35 noncommercial and educational), 3,823 radio stations (552 of them FM).

¶ All stations and networks together have 86,348 employees on their payrolls, which total \$527 million.

¶ TV in 1957 sold \$726.3 million worth of air time, radio \$516 million.

¶ Forty-three million U.S. homes have TV sets (turned on an average 5 hr. 56 min. per day); 48.9 million homes have radios (turned on 1 hr. 50 min. per day).

Welk Welk; Gobel Gobel

With many a TV set, viewers are still subject to double vision. Now both NBC and ABC are trying to add double sound. After a test run in seven cities, Lawrence Welk's Wednesday show (ABC) was broadcast nationwide in stereo, i.e., two different mikes feeding the schmalz into two transmitters. Fans yearning to catch the slightest nuance in each oom-pah-pah

could turn on their AM radio as well as the TV set and, by placing them seven to ten feet apart, achieve an approximation of stereo sound. The experiment worked so well that ABC equipped 75 stations with the TV-radio rig, and NBC will try the same gimmick with the George Gobel show. Says a network man: "This puts a third dimension on the whole thing."

Down Beatnik

The ones who are mad to live, mad to talk, mad to be saved, desirous of everything at the same time, the ones who never yawn or say a commonplace thing, but burn, burn, burn...

—Jack Kerouac, in *On the Road*, defining the Beat Generation

Hollywood Housewife Anna O'Callaghan Kashfi Brando was burned, burned, burned with her husband. Last week, less than a year after her sudden marriage to Actor Marlon Brando, Anna announced that she and Marlon were bust. Sighed she: "I can no longer take his indifference and his strange way of living." Commented Hollywood Seer Hedda Hopper: "He has a terrific following among mem-



MURRAY GARRETT—GRAPHIC HOUSE
HUSBAND BRANDO
Split-level with bongos.

bers of the Beat Generation. He loves the adulation of a mob. After that, going home to a family must seem humdrum."

Thus the handy Beat Generation label, a device more literary than lifelike that has been applied to everything from Godot® to Bardot, was formally pinned on Brando. But the experts disagreed violently about whether the actor with the sweatshirt and the lyric lunkishness really could boast the credentials of a true beatnik. Certain habits are in his favor: he

¶ For news of Godot's creator and another avant-garde beatnik, see BOOKS.



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has been known to greet visitors in his underwear, date hash-house waitresses, play the bongo drums. In Beatnik Kerouac's phrase, he seems to want everything at the same time. On the other hand, he has been living in a pleasant split-level Hollywood house instead of a way-out pad in San Francisco's North Beach; he has extensive investments; he has never said a single kind word for dope and has expressed interest—grammatically—in what happens to the world tomorrow.

As Brando hummed and/or drummed in some secluded hideaway, a friend argued that "beat" is not the proper word for Brando: "It is a misunderstood term and is used as a demeaning handle." Even if it is demeaning, one inhabitant of The Place—a badly beat San Francisco joint—announced last week that it is too good for Marlon. "The beats think Brando's a slob," he cried. Not so, retorted a denizen of the Co-Existence Bagel Shop. "He comes up here and pals on weekends. Makes the parties. He represents us in regions where we can't go. We're in revolt against modern society. And Brando fights our fight for us in the middle of all that Hollywood junk."

"If You're Not Sick . . ."

The fat comic felt at peace with the world, so he decided to call a boyhood pal, now an undertaker in Ohio. "This is Elwood P. Suggins," he said, choosing a phony name and his best rube twang. "My brother passed away Sunday a week, and I wonder if you could do a job." Said the undertaker: "Good God, man, Sunday a week! Where is he?" Replied the comic: "Out on the porch against the lattice. That cold spell that set in kept him harder than a carp. But then that warm spell set in, and he commenced to get pretty fleshy. . . ."

By now, the undertaker was beside himself ("This is criminal!"), and his caller finally let him off the hook by switching to his natural voice: "Hi there, This is Jonathan Winters. Only kidding." Exploded the undertaker: "You were an idiot even in high school!"

Next Time St. Vincent's. This, too, was something of an exaggeration. Jonathan Harshman Winters: 111, 32, longtime vagrant on radio, TV and in nightclubs, easily one of the funniest comedians in the business, is hardly an idiot, even though his humor springs out of and depends on idiocy. Last week Winters displayed his loony magic in Chicago's Black Orchid nightclub, racing hysterically through his varied roles—from a harassed father scared of his own kids, to the whole cast of a jail break complete with the rataplan of a Tommy gun, produced by his elastic larynx. "As long as someone laughs," says a friend, "Johnny is on. And someone is always laughing."

Johnny was "on" the night he toured Manhattan bistros with an empty hand grenade (pulling the pin, he would cry: "Everybody goes when the whistle blows"). He was "on" when he panicked a staid hotel lobby by turning to a friend



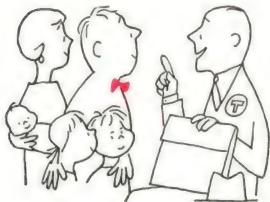
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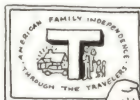
2.

"My lovely wife, my cherubs—all this life we've fondly cherished
Fades into woe (where can they go?) if suddenly I perished!
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and barking in a loud, serious 'tone: "We should have never operated in a hotel room. Granted he's alive, but you shouldn't have let that brain fall on the rug. Next time St. Vincent's." He is "on" whenever he rides a plane. He likes to look down on the snow-covered Rockies and say to a stranger sitting next to him: "Looky there, I wonder what that means. H-E-L-P. Oops . . . there it goes. Snow blown over it. Tough luck, Jack."

The Funny Farm. The origin of such far-out fun can probably be traced back to Winters' paternal grandfather, a delicately balanced bank president given to walking the streets of Dayton, flapping his arms at his pal Orville Wright and screeching: "How's the airplane, Orville?" Johnny's wealthy parents were divorced



COMEDIAN WINTERS
Even when he's off he's on.

when he was seven, and his mother moved him to Springfield, Ohio, where he slept in a "brass-rail bed with a dead mouse in the corner." After a World War II tour with the Marines and a nodding acquaintance with college, Johnny entered a Dayton amateur show—and won. Jack Paar gave him his big chance on TV.

His wacky onstage humor and macabre offstage antics have inspired the story that he is as strange as any of the characters he invents—one step away from the funny farm. For further evidence, his friends point to his house in Mamaroneck, N.Y., where in his black secret den he keeps a lonely chair which he considers his throne. "I sit in it and pretend," says he. "I pretend I'm king."

Winters tried psychiatry a couple of years ago. "I was analyzed," he says, "and it was interesting. I went for five months. Finally, I told him I was Mrs. Woodrow Wilson. That's when he said, 'I can't put you away, but you should go away.'" Then Johnny adds solemnly: "Who's to say who's sick? If you're not sick, you're a bore."

Known to the ancient Greeks as Hermes and to the Romans as Mercury, this statue by Giovanni di Bologna remains a universal symbol of speed in the modern world.

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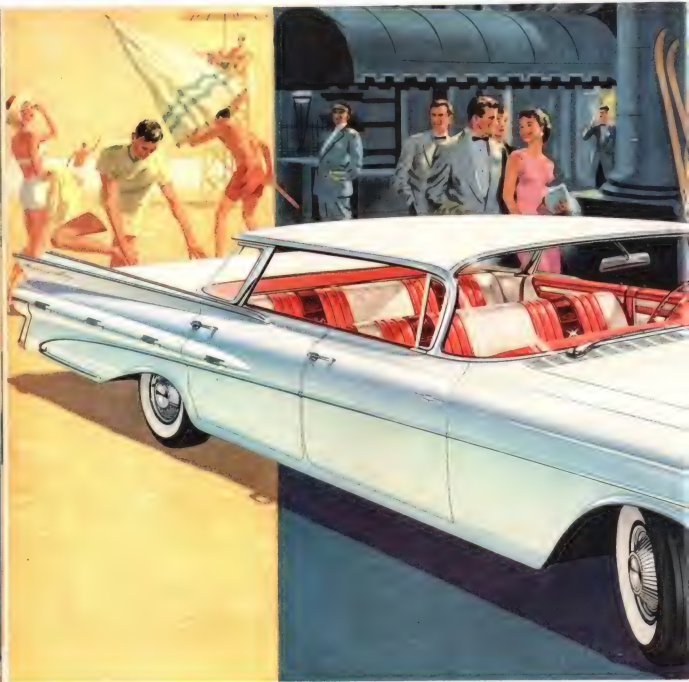
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*Don't be Vague... say: **HAIG & HAIG**



SCIENCE

To Keep the Moon Virgin

Next week the U.S. will try to send a rocket around the moon. At the same time or soon after, the Russians may be tempted to outdo the U.S. by hitting the moon with a big rocket. Last week scientists of the International Council of Scientific Unions met in Washington to plead with both to make haste with due care.

To scientists, the crucial point is this: in all the world, there is nothing like the moon. It is, in effect, a superbly preserved relic of the early days of the solar system, sealed off by space and time from contamination by the germs, clouds, and forms of living matter that have developed on the earth. The danger is, reported the coun-

than the moon's atmosphere is the dust that is believed to cover much of its surface. CETEX does not think that anything short of a nuclear explosion would directly contaminate the dust. CETEX's concern is more subtle. Some scientists believe that the earth-type life did not evolve entirely on the earth in its early stages. Fairly large and complex organic molecules may have formed from primeval gases out in space itself. When these molecules sifted down on the earth's surface, they may have reacted with one another and eventually grown into "living molecules," the earliest living things that could reproduce their kind.

The same space-formed molecules must have sifted down on the moon, and some



LUNAR TRANSPORT PREPARES TO LEAVE FOR EARTH*
Confusion from intruders in the dust.

cil's Committee on Contamination by Extra-Terrestrial Exploration (CETEX), that heedless exploration efforts may contaminate the moon before it can be properly studied in its virgin state.

The moon is highly susceptible, warned CETEX, because its atmosphere contains so little matter (only 10 to 100 tons); even a flare bright enough to be seen from the earth might release enough volatile material to contaminate it seriously.

Precious Dust. Worst damage would be done by a nuclear explosion, fission or fusion. It would contaminate the lunar atmosphere with radioactive gases and sprinkle the moon's surface with radioactive debris. Almost as bad would be the big, backward-pushing retro-rockets that would be needed to bring a small packet of instruments to a soft landing on the moon; they would require the release of so much burned fuel that the moon's tenuous atmosphere would never be the same again.

Even more interesting to scientists

of them may be preserved in the lunar dust. In fact, the CETEX scientists think it is possible that some "pre-life" processes of molecule building may still be taking place on the moon.

Terrestrial Templates. Arriving on the moon, large molecules from the bodies of dogs, men, or even from bacteria might take part in the moon's pre-life processes, acting as templates on which new molecules could form. Then scientists could never describe with confidence the true "pre-life" of the moon as it existed before the arrival of the terrestrial intruders. It would do no good to sterilize a rocket before it left the earth. Dead bacteria clinging to it, or even the molecules of the organic germicide used to kill the bacteria, might be enough to falsify the record.

CETEX hopes that the first rockets to approach the moon will merely circle around it without landing. When landings

* Conception of Chesley Bonestell in *The Conquest of Space* (Viking, 1949).

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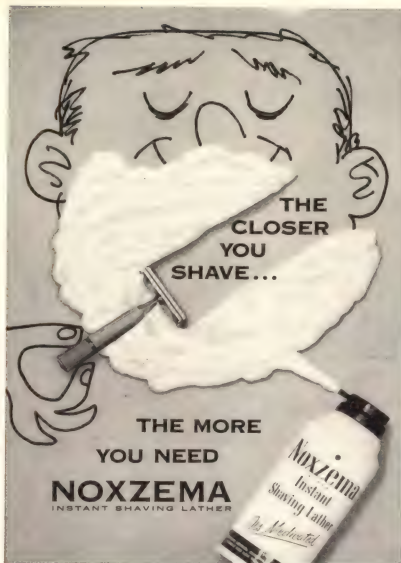
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are made, they should be confined to limited areas of the moon so that the rest can be studied in the unsullied state. Looking farther ahead, CETEX urges that expeditions to Mars or Venus be extremely careful not to release living organisms. There is a reasonable chance that some forms of earthly living matter might survive and grow on either planet—perhaps well enough to compete with Martian and Venusian life, if any. It would be sad to land on Mars only to find its inhabitants dead or damaged by a pestilence caused by earthly germs.

The Heat Seeker

First U.S. air-to-air missile to be tested in real combat is the Navy's Sidewinder, which was adopted by the Air Force and used to equip Chinese Nationalist Sabre jets flying out of Formosa (TIME, Oct. 6). During one air operation against the Chinese Communists, the Nationalists used Sidewinders to knock down an estimated ten Red jets while coming off unscathed themselves. The Sidewinders given to the Chinese were an early model, but their general design, with improvements, is still in use.

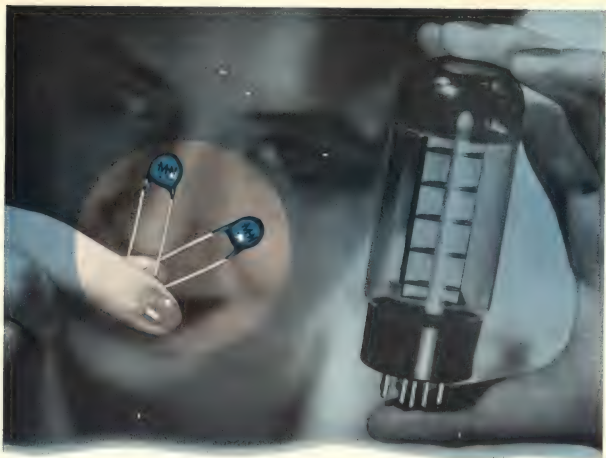
The Sidewinder is a small (9.5 ft. long, 5 in. diameter) rocket driven by a solid propellant. In its nose is a sensing device containing lead sulphide, which is sensitive to infrared radiation from hot objects like the tailpipes of jet engines. When the sensing device "sees" something hot in its 20° field of vision, it turns toward it. The Sidewinder turns too, homing accurately on the hot object. The system is so simple that pilots can use it in combat with scarcely any special training.

When the pilot starts his attack on an enemy airplane, the Sidewinder tells him by a buzzing signal when it "sees" an object that it can home on. When the target is close enough, the pilot presses a button. The Sidewinder fires and is thereafter on its own, pursuing the target relentlessly. Its range is up to 20,000 ft., depending on many factors, including direction, altitude and speed of both airplanes. Frequently a Sidewinder gets in a jet's wake and flies right up the tailpipe before it explodes.

The Sidewinder has disadvantages too, like all weapons. An enemy airplane cannot be attacked from the front; its hot parts must be in sight, and they are visible only from favorable angles. The attacking pilot must keep track of the sun's position. If his Sidewinder sees the sun, it may vainly attack it.

The airplane under attack can foil the Sidewinder under some conditions by firing a flare or other hot object to deceive it and lure it away. This is not easy, and not always effective. The flare must be nearly as hot as the jet exhaust, and it must be released at exactly the proper moment.

The hot parts of the latest military jets are carefully shielded to make them less conspicuous to the Sidewinder's infrared eye. As a result, the most recent Sidewinders have acquired electronic guidance to supplement their infra-red eyes.



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CINEMA

The New Pictures

Harry Black and the Tiger (20th Century-Fox). If tigers had actors' agents, this movie might have kicked up a squabble along producers' row. The tiger so clearly deserves top billing. While all the two-legged characters wade around uncertainly in one another's shallow psyches, the purposeful tabby chews up half the population of India (although only two on-camera) and chops Actor Stewart Granger to bits. Prowling through the hill country of southern India, Cameraman Harry Gillan has brought back some startling footage on a real cool cat.

Unfortunately, there are a few squares loitering in the tall grass. Actor Granger strides up answering to the name of Harry Black, a famed hunter hired by the government to dispatch the tiger. He quickly corners the beast and is squeezing his finger on the trigger when a Land Rover roars by and scares it away. Drat! To make matters worse, behind the wheel of the Rover is an old war buddy (Anthony Steel), whom Harry Black treats with untropical coolness. After a couple of flashbacks, the viewer learns why: not only did Steel's cowardice in the war cost Granger a portion of his leg, but the intrepid hunter has long since caught the scent of Steel's wife (Barbara Rush).

Things soon grow as steamy outside the jungle as in it. Steel's bungling during the next hunt gets Harry mangled by the no-nonsense tiger, but leads to a long recuperation during which Granger and Actress Rush eye each other at length. As soon as he is strong enough to stand up, they both lie down, and the sanctity of the home makes its uneasy return only instants before the film's end. As Harry, Swashbuckler Granger reads his lines as they were written, which is a serious disservice to the writer.

Onionhead [Warner] is Andy Griffith, who buckled the nation at the midriff as the corn-pone Army private in *No Time for Sergeants*. This time Hollywood has cast Able Comedian Griffith as a cook's assistant in the Coast Guard, and served him up on a script about as funny as an eyelash of bilge water.

Hero Griffith earns his nickname when he shaves his skull egg-bald in hopes of growing thicker hair. When not engaged in scalping himself, he hangs pans by day and bumblefoots around the local talent (Felicia Farr) by night, but hits stormy weather on both fronts. His chief cook (Walter Matthau), a sardonic old coot with a mania for cinnamon rolls, marries the girl. Then Cookie ships out for convoy duty, and Griffith finds himself heating up both the gal and the gallery.

By this time the picture has stumbled along for 74 hours, and the moment has come for it to fall flat on its face. Griffith renounces adultery, plans to marry the girl from back home, helps his ship subdue a German sub, and exposes a crooked



"TIGER'S" TIGER
He rates top billing.

executive officer, all at flank speed. Director Norman Taurog, whose recent efforts have been largely limited to Martin and Lewis comedies, heaves enough whisky-pourings to float the Coast Guard for a week, but viewers may find some of his other humorous inventions less familiar. He seems to think it is laugh-provoking to throw in a scene with Actress Farr tearfully explaining that the reason she cheats on her husband is that she is trying to find "real love," having been frigid all her life.



GRIFFITH & FARR
She seeks true love.



Temper, temper!

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MUSIC

Where Is Santa Fe?

"There is no opera in America worth speaking of outside New York City," Met Manager Rudolf Bing was quoted as saying in an interview last week. The only exceptions he conceded: Chicago and San Francisco. But even they, he felt, do not have long enough seasons or sufficient facilities to bring them up to the level of the Met or the best European houses.

Such fighting words propelled Bing into the kind of operatic hassle usually reserved for prima donnas. San Francisco's Vienna-born Kurt Herbert Adler tore into Vienna-born Rudi Bing, pointed out that the San Francisco company has welcomed such artists as Tebaldi, Del Monaco, Christoff, Simionato, Valletti, Gobbi, Schwarzkopf and Rysanek for their U.S. debuts, can boast a list of U.S. premieres that puts the Met to shame. Last week San Francisco gave the first U.S. stage performances of two short works by German Composer Carl Orff—*Die Kluge* and *Carmine Burana*. Other noted San Francisco firsts: Walton's *Troilus and Cressida*, Poulenc's *Carmelites*, Honegger's *Joan of Arc at the Stake*. Retorted Bing: "My congratulations and greatest respect to Mr. Adler for his daring to introduce these operas to empty houses."*

The trouble, according to Bing, is that "the American public has been completely ruined by the press, radio, television and the movies; they have been so educated to the star cult that even the smallest little provincial city will take opera only if it has a star. I see no desire of the public in the country to build opera from young companies." What about Santa Fe, which has recently formed a successful summer opera company? "Where," said Rudi Bing, "is Santa Fe?" In a rare, ruffled moment, he added: "Perhaps I am too much of a European."

Lessons by Lennie

Lennie Bernstein sat at the piano, cheerfully surveyed the recesses of Carnegie Hall and opened his mouth to sing:

*Where, oh where are the pea-green freshmen . . .
Safe at last in the sophomore class.*

On that improbable note, the once-sedate New York Philharmonic last week launched its 117th season. In effect, Lennie was trying to bring the program notes to life, using the technique that he made familiar on his *Omnibus* music-appreciation series. His explanation: "How many times have you sat there and had a new piece of music thrown at you by Theodor Schwartz or John Foster Doe and longed for something that would bring the piece closer to you?"

Most of Bernstein's attention last week was focused on Charles Ives's *Symphony*

No. 2 (the program also included Berlioz, Beethoven, William Schuman). After a lengthy lecture, Teacher Bernstein, microphone clipped to his dress shirt, played a few snatches of the American songs that Composer Ives stitched into his symphony (including, in addition to the pea-green freshmen, *America the Beautiful*, *Camp-town Races*, *Turkey in the Straw*). Then, turning to his orchestra, Bernstein whipped it through a fine performance, his

turned out to be not Communist musicians but a clutch of wandering Americans: Violinist Yehudi Menuhin and the men of the Juilliard String Quartet.

Menuhin, longtime Bartok specialist, opened the festival with the harsh and complex *Sonata for Solo Violin*. Menuhin let it be known that he will soon give the world premiere of a newly available early Bartok violin concerto,* which the composer dedicated to the late Hungarian-born violinist Steti Geyer, with whom he was in love before his first marriage. Budapest audiences reserved their loudest cheers



BERNSTEIN (AT PIANO) GIVING PHILHARMONIC "PREVIEW"
Right out loud: program notes.

hips swaying, his arms flinging wide in a characteristic expression of musical frenzy. A youthful work (1897-1901) by Connecticut's late, largely self-taught Modernist Ives (an insurance broker most of his active life), the symphony was, as Lennie remarked, "original, eccentric, naive and as full of charm as an old lace valentine."

With his own special mixture of eloquence, charm and ham, Bernstein this gave the Philharmonic an excitement that it has not known in years (he will give the talks only at the Thursday-night "previews"). Broadway Librettist Adolph Green put it most succinctly when he saw Bernstein backstage after the performance, stripped to the waist and being massaged by his wife. "Atta boy, Sugar," said Green. "You fought a good fight."

Bartok & Juilliard

Into Budapest streamed delegates from the Communist musical world to honor Hungary's late great Bela Bartok, once dismissed as a decadent "formalist," but restored to Red favor two years ago. The hit performers of last week's festival

for the Juilliard group, which played Bartok's *Third and Sixth* quartets, plus works by Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, the U.S.'s Walter Piston and Leon Kirchner. The audience yelled so loudly for encores that the quartet gave an additional concert for students, who almost dismantled the hall with enthusiasm. Established in 1946 by Juilliard School of Music President William Schuman, the quartet has scored triumphs in Europe in recent years, built a reputation which rivals that of the U.S.'s famed Budapest String Quartet. The Juilliard's current membership: Robert Mann and Isidore Cohen, violinists; Raphael Hillyer, viola; Claus Adam, cello.

In Budapest, crowds followed the group on the street, eyed Cellist Adam's horse-blanket sport jacket with undisguised awe. The critics pulled out their fanciest superlatives. "A wonderful experience," said one. Added a Budapest composer: "The best string quartet I have ever heard."

* Actually, the San Francisco Opera sold an average of more than 3,000 tickets (capacity: 3,285) for each performance of these operas.

* Bela Bartok Jr. has turned up about 40 manuscripts left behind by his father in Budapest when he fled during World War II.

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THE PRESS

Headline of the Week

In the Spokane *Spokesman-Review*:

CATHOLIC FUN
AIDS FAMILIES

The Girl Who Said No

A reporter must tell a court of law the name of his source of information if the name is material and relevant to a trial, the U.S. Court of Appeals ruled last week.

What may become a decisive case in defining freedom of the press was begun by a pretty brunette who said no. The girl: Marie Torre, 34, middle-browed radio and TV columnist of the New York *Herald Tribune*. A federal court in New York City asked her to name the "CBS spokesman" she quoted as saying that Singer Judy Garland "doesn't want to work... because something is bothering her [and] I wouldn't be surprised if it's because she thinks she's terribly fat." The three-man U.S. Court of Appeals unanimously ruled that the requested information was material and relevant in Singer Garland's \$1,393,333 suit against CBS for libel and breach of contract.

Judge Potter Stewart, 43, who as chairman of the Yale *Daily News* in 1930-37 had his own college-day brushes with reporting, wrote the decision. He acknowledged that "compulsory disclosure of a journalist's confidential sources may entail an abridgment of press freedom by imposing some limitation upon the availability of news." But "the duty of a witness to testify in a court of law has roots as deep as the guarantee of a free press," which justifies "some impairment" of the First Amendment (on press freedom).

The *Trib's* President and Editor Ogden R. ("Brownie") Reid announced that the



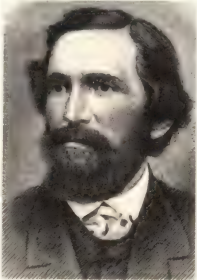
COLUMNIST MARIE TORRE
A source protected.

Trib will appeal to the U.S. Supreme Court. If the court upholds the ruling, and Reporter Torre remains mum, she will go to jail for ten days—and many a source for many a story that needs to be told will henceforth dry up.

Newspapers-Ban News

Springfield, Mass., has three of the most remarkably managed newspapers in the U.S.: the morning *Union*, the afternoon *News*, and the Sunday *Republican*. They are jointly owned by their own lush employee benefit and retirement funds, set up by the late eccentric Publisher Sherman Hoar Bowles, who endowed them with much of his personal fortune (Atlas Tack, Longchamps Restaurants, real estate). They jointly bask in a great journalistic inheritance from Sherman Bowles's grandfather Samuel H. (1826-78), who made the *Republican* into one of the nation's top 19th century newspapers.* The *Union* (circ. 70,710) is ardently Republican; the *News* (circ. 98,805) is ardently Democratic. But nothing about the three papers is so startling as their behavior since last June, when they jointly launched a foredoomed policy to kill political news.

Up in the city rooms went a memo banning all pictures and statements of politicians, restricting headlines to one column, recommending that any necessary story on politics be held to two paragraphs, and proclaiming: "The less printed about politicians the better." To justify downplaying political news in an election year, the three managing editors argued that they were just trying to cut dull campaign statements that once cluttered their pages.



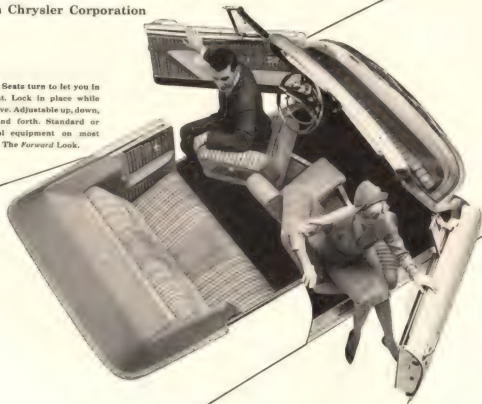
PUBLISHER SAMUEL BOWLES II
A foolishness rejected.

* Said Horace Greeley of the *Republican*: "The best and ablest country journal ever published on this continent."

Easiest cars to get into and out of you ever saw

Just one of the new features of
the 1959 cars of *The Forward Look*
from Chrysler Corporation

Swivel Seats turn to let you in
and out. Lock in place while
you drive. Adjustable up, down,
back and forth. Standard or
optional equipment on most
cars of *The Forward Look*.



Another important advancement in
automobile design from Chrysler Corporation.
Available only on the new 1959
cars of *The Forward Look*.

Cars that can do what they look like
they can do. A drive will bring out the
difference great engineering makes.

Join us for
"An Evening with Fred Astaire"
NBC-TV October 17.

PLYMOUTH • DODGE • DE SOTO • CHRYSLER • IMPERIAL

TIME, OCTOBER 13, 1958



Two great ways to enjoy Alligator elegance!

For an all-weather gabardine, choose the famous Gold Label. Smooth, silky, all wool worsted, water repellent, \$42.75. For luxury rainwear, choose the new Galesone Iridescent of finest yarn-dyed 2-ply cotton. Elegant in quality and appearance, \$25.95. Plaid lined, \$29.95. At better stores.

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Alligator
ALL-WEATHER COATS

Other Alligator Coats
\$11.75 to \$54.75

THE ALLIGATOR COMPANY • ST. LOUIS • NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES

YOU'D KNOW HIM ANYWHERE!

The Pump Room coffee boy is a world-famous figure . . . at Chicago's Ambassador Hotels and Toronto's Lord Simcoe. He's the connoisseur's conversation piece everywhere . . . the reminder of steaks at the Sherman's Porterhouse restaurant, the Lord Elgin's superlative service, the complete luxury of suites and rooms. Imperial Hotels have a special genius for making your stay delightful . . . something to keep in mind whenever you're heading for Chicago or Canada!



Imperial Hotels

CHICAGO THE SHERMAN
THE HOTELS AMBASSADOR
CANADA THE LORD SIMCOE, IN TORONTO
THE LORD ELGIN, IN OTTAWA

and that the recession had required a space cut. But knowledgeable staffers say that the memo really stemmed from the management's disgust with politicians in general. Reason: last spring legislation sponsored by Massachusetts Senators Leverett Saltonstall and John F. Kennedy, to legalize the status of the papers' employee trust funds, died in committee, left standing a \$75.8 million federal tax suit.

Out of the Picture. Inspired in concept, sweeping in scope, the antipolitics policy could never last, and it broke up in a comedy of frustration.

At first, enforcement was rigid; nothing appeared but one-column pictures and thumbnail sketches of candidates ("In-grown thumbnails," growled one disgusted politician). Photographers once shunted aside Governor Foster Furcolo, who comes from the Springfield suburb of Longmeadow, when he swore in a local judge. Cagney church groups took to shoving politicians out of their cornerstone-laying ceremonies so that the pictures would be printed.

Things got so bad that the papers completely ignored a visit of Republican U.S. Senate Candidate Vincent Celeste, only six persons showed up in nearby Westfield for a rally that had been brushed off by the papers, and an able Republican attorney refused to run for Congress because of the publicity blackout (leaving the race uncontested). Only one Matthew Ryan, a Democratic candidate in the September primary for district attorney, turned the news ban to profit. He hired a former *Union* sportswriter to make up a full-page ad of pictures and stories praising Ryan, in the typographical style of the *Sunday Republican*. He submitted the ad just seven minutes before deadline, and it showed up in print, looking for all the world like a standard page. The readers, evidently taking the page as a switch in policy by the conservative *Republican*, gave Democrat Ryan the victory.

Massive Retaliation. Then came the breakdown. The ironic reason: partisan politics between the Republican *Union* and Democratic *News*. When G.O.P. gubernatorial Candidate George Fingold died suddenly ten days before the primary, the *Union* played the story big—and defiantly added details of the balloting process necessary to vote for his replacement. The ice broken, the *Union* three weeks ago slyly slipped a brief story about campaigning Republicans onto Page 40. In massive retaliation, the *News* last week plastered its front page with a lengthy Senator Kennedy interview, gave the story a three-column head, and tossed in his picture to boot. When *Union* editors bristled, *News* Managing Editor Frank Kelly replied blandly: "Kennedy is news."

That did it. This week all three papers are planning to give full coverage to the coming election campaigns. Neglected, the old memo still flutters in the city rooms, a monument to a hopeless cause. "It was just to educate the staff," explained Editor Kelly. "We were all a little startled at what it really looked like when you wrote it down," added *Union* Managing Editor Paul Craig.





Golden Moment... the anticipation with which Johnnie Walker is awaited is the result of the skill of craftsmen with generations of experience to guide them. Their mastery of the art of mingling soft, clear Highland spring water and malt, fragrant with rich peat smoke, creates the renowned taste of Johnnie Walker. For golden moments of pure pleasure, ask for Johnnie Walker Red Label Scotch at your favourite restaurant. Enjoy those same golden moments at home with your friends, too.

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SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS
Johnnie Walker & Sons, Limited

THIS IS
Faribault
MINNESOTA

**Nurseryman, Manufacturer
and Food Processor**



No. 17 in a Series, Cities of the Northern Plains

ON THE BLUFFS and in the valley where the Straight River flows into the Cannon, stands Faribault — southern gateway to the Land of Ten Thousand Lakes. Ten pleasant, spring-fed lakes beckon within ten miles of the city.

On nearby Cannon Lake, in 1826, Alexander Faribault built the post that was headquarters for the trade with southern Minnesota Indians. By 1856 this trading post had grown into the town of Faribault. Here in 1858, Shattuck School was founded, the oldest boys' school of the Episcopal Church west of the Alleghenies.

From this early start Faribault has grown into an educational center with four private schools, three state institutions and excellent public and parochial school systems. In addition, Faribault boasts superior medical, library and recreational facilities.

Faribault is located in an ideal natural setting. Lakes and streams attract tourists, and the rich soil supports flourishing nurseries and farms. Faribault's fine retail shops cater to the tourists and farmers, and her dairies, cheese factories, canneries and packing plants process the products of field and farm.

These and other Faribault industries attract well-trained productive labor from the surrounding towns and countryside. And to provide for industrial growth, the Faribault Industrial Corporation has made available 24 acres of prime industrial sites.

Faribault is served by three railroads, truck and bus lines, five highways and a municipal airport. It has ample water for industrial uses. Abundant natural gas, brought to the city by Northern Natural Gas Company, and distributed locally by Northern States Power Company, provides dependable, economical fuel. For more information write to the Faribault Industrial Corporation, Lucius Smith, President, Faribault, Minnesota or the Area Development Dept., Northern Natural Gas Company, Omaha, Nebraska.

Northern Natural Gas Company

General Offices: Omaha, Nebraska

**Serving the Northern Plains States: Minnesota,
Iowa, Nebraska, South Dakota and Wisconsin.**



The Northern Plains



don't let the fear of blowouts spoil your driving pleasure

Great view. Excellent road. Car running like a charm. He should be enjoying it but he's not. He's worried about his tires . . . about blowouts. What a shame when strong nylon cord tires could so easily make him feel more secure.

Cars have come a long way since the Model T. And so have tires. With the de-

velopment of nylon cords, tire safety took a giant step forward. With nylon you're safer at high speeds because nylon is more resistant to heat build up. Safer at every turn because nylon gives when you need give. Safer from moisture because nylon won't rot from water seeping in through cracks. Safer from impact damage because

nylon is *more shock-absorbent*.

Today, The Chemstrand Corporation, one of the country's top nylon yarn suppliers, is working to reduce blowouts still further, by making nylon even stronger, more durable. When you buy your next car or tires, remember, get nylon cords. They're safer.

CHEMSTRAND® NYLON

Chemstrand makes only the yarn; America's finest mills and manufacturers do the rest.

THE CHEMSTRAND CORPORATION, 150 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 1 • Plants: CHEMSTRAND® NYLON—Pensacola, Fla. • ACRYLAN® ACRYLIC FIBER—Decatur, Ala.

with such varying dishes as whale meat, hash and eggs. But most big canners still insist that the one-dish menu is right; all have big experimental kennels where they constantly check their formulas on kennels of fine dogs. Says Pard Division Head Clarence M. Olson: "If humans could eat one balanced food such as we now feed to our pets, we'd add years to our life and life to our years."

ELECTRONICS

Stereo Grows Up

To the 1958 High Fidelity Music Show in Manhattan last week trooped more than 50,000 audiophiles who wanted to hear "the new dimension in sound," stereophonic records and tapes. Spread over five floors, the 125 exhibitors concentrated on showing the fast growth of the new art. General Electric showed only stereophonic components; Massachusetts' small Wright St. George Laboratories displayed an inexpensive (\$65), thin (1½ in.) picture-frame speaker that can be secreted behind curtained walls or prints, is well suited for stereo,* which requires at least two speakers some distance apart. This year, sales of such stereo gear will help swell the music market by \$50 million, to \$450 million or more.

Ampex, Revere, Bell Sound Systems, Wollensak, Webcor are selling stereo tape players. Stereo record players (price: \$125 to \$3,500) are being pushed by Pilot, Columbia, Zenith, RCA Victor, Emerson and others. Into the market for stereo records have come Columbia, RCA, Angel, London, Audio-Fidelity.

* Stereo achieves a full concert-hall quality by reproducing two separate sound tracks, which the human ear combines, just as the eyes do for stereo photos to create a better image. In recording, at least two microphones are used, each stationed at different points to pick up the varying shades of sound.

Two Systems. Yet many music lovers have held back from buying stereo because there is such a wide variety of systems to choose from, and buyers are wary lest they get trapped in a battle of speeds such as the old 33½-45-78-r.p.m. fight in records. Last week's show demonstrated that the industry has pretty well shaken down to playing two systems.

For records, companies agreed to adopt the "45/45" system, in which each record groove is pressed with two sound tracks, angled at 45°. Thus one machine will play most stereo records. Stereo sounds richer on tape, although sales of stereo tapes this year will hit only about \$3,000,000 because they are tough to thread and are expensive (about \$16.95 for 60 minutes' playing time). But major companies are now planning a simplified tape system.

Blades Before Razors. RCA Victor last week brought out a magazine-load cartridge that eliminates the shortcomings of spool tape. This month RCA will put on the market a broad library of classical and popular stereo magazine tapes in four sizes and prices, from \$4.95 for 22 minutes to \$9.95 for 60 minutes. Player sets for the cartridge tapes will come out later because producers, such as Motorola, insisted that RCA first put out enough tapes to make a market. RCA's own magazine-tape playing system will come out by Christmas, retail for \$295 to \$450.

To spur stereo broadcasting, the Federal Communications Commission granted permission for FM stations to test stereo "multiplexing," a system that sends the two separate signals over a single radio frequency. New York City's WBAI started to broadcast stereo last week; WRCA-FM will begin next week. Manhattan's two-year-old Madison Fielding Corp. last month put out a multiplex stereo adapter that can be attached to any FM radio, turn it into a stereo set. Price: \$49.95.

RETAIL TRADE

Blue Chips to Live With

Manhattan society turned out in black tie this week at the opening of an antique shop: the plush new quarters of French & Co., oldest and largest U.S. dealer in antiques. What the champagne-sipping Manhattanites saw was a \$10 million display of furnishings ranging from Boucher tapestries valued at \$175,000 to a Louis XV desk insured for \$250,000. French's splashy housewarming was only part of an antique boom that has sent a stream of pre-1830 European furniture to the U.S. (1957 imports: \$14.2 million), has even sent European buyers scurrying here to shop.

Part of the appeal of antiques is purely financial: they represent a hedge against inflation, have increased in value as the dollar has declined. U.S. museums spend from \$10 million to \$20 million a year on new purchases, thus leave the market thinner. Even tax rulings contribute. An antique buyer may sign over his purchase to an institution that will receive it upon his death, take a deduction each year while he keeps it in his home and continues to



FRENCH'S SAMUELS & VENETIAN LIONS
New life for old furniture.

enjoy it. Or the antique owner can make a "partial donation," leave his possessions in a museum for the summer, keep them himself in the winter.

Art for Atmosphere. Another factor is a deepening U.S. appreciation of fine art—and a desire to own it. Says Spencer Samuels, president of French: "People are striving for individuality. There is enough uniformity in the utilitarian items in a home. Some businessmen furnish their offices with fine antiques. They figure they spend a third of their lives in the office, and they want a pleasant atmosphere."

Both the buyers and the styles have changed since French & Co. started in 1907. "A lot of buying," says Samuels, "was tycoon competing against tycoon." When Founder Mitchell Samuels, 78, sold Joseph Widener a \$400,000 tapestry, he lost Henry Clay Frick as a customer for years. In the '20s, rich collectors liked the huge, cumbersome furniture of the Renaissance. Though museums have largely taken the places of the big buyers, Renaissance pieces are out of fashion today, when even the wealthy live in smaller apartments. What sells well now are French, English and Venetian pieces of the 18th century, whose size and grace blend well with contemporary furnishings. Most popular are the Louis XV and Louis XVI chests, tables and chairs; their light-colored woods look well in small apartments. Canny British buyers are turning for good investments to the darker, out-of-favor British oak and walnut of the early 18th century. U.S. bargain hunters have been shopping for early Americana.

The Best Sells Better. What sells best all over the world are the finest pieces in top condition. "It's easier to sell what I'd call a blue chip in antiques even at a high price than a cheaper, less satisfactory one," says Samuels. Almost every item in the current French & Co. exhibition is worth 20% to 50% more than it cost at



RCA'S PRESIDENT BURNS & TAPE
New dimensions for old sounds.



STANDING on his own two feet?

Well, almost!

He still needs you to encourage him — or to catch him if he falls. And in the years ahead, too, he'll be counting on you to stand behind him . . . to give him confidence, to assure his future.

Massachusetts Mutual can help you make sure you'll be able to give him that kind of backing when he needs it most . . . and guarantee that your plans

for him will be carried out, even if you can't be here. We can also help you spread a major expense (like his education) over the years . . . and, at the same time, assure you steadily growing cash reserves to help in case of an emergency.

A good idea would be to talk it over with your Massachusetts Mutual man soon. *Call him — or our General Agent —* listed under Massachusetts Mutual in the phone book.

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CIRCULAR SAWMILLS
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TRIMMERS • TRANSMISSION
AND CONVEYOR MACHINERY
LUMBER SORTERS

**THE WHELAND
COMPANY**
CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE

A BRAINSTORM HELPED ME EARN \$250 A WEEK

By a Wall Street Journal
Subscriber

Not long ago I spent some time with some chaps who were having a "brainstorm" - a talkfest where each man contributes ideas.

The subject of this particular discussion was MONEY! One man in the group earned more than all the rest of us. He gave us some wonderful ideas. Among other things, he said, "Subscribe to The Wall Street Journal. It will help you get ahead." Well, to make a long story short, I tried it and IT DID. Within a short time, my income was up to \$250 a week.

This story is typical. The Journal is a wonderful aid to men making \$2,500 to \$25,000 a year. To assure speedy delivery to you anywhere in the U.S., The Journal is printed daily in five cities—New York, Washington, Chicago, Dallas and San Francisco.

The Wall Street Journal has the largest staff of writers on business and finance. It costs \$24 a year, but in order to acquaint you with The Journal, we make this offer. You can get a Trial Subscription for 3 months for \$7. Just send this ad with check for \$7. Or tell us to bill you. Address: The Wall Street Journal, 44 Broad St., New York 4, N. Y. TM 10-13

purchase; some have appreciated four and five times their cost.

More and more, antique dealers also serve as home furnishers. "We get calls," says Samuels, "to do whole houses and apartments, blending the antiques with the rest of the decor. The most remarkable thing is that the buyers want something to live with, not just a conversation piece. It gives them a sense of the past."

CORPORATIONS

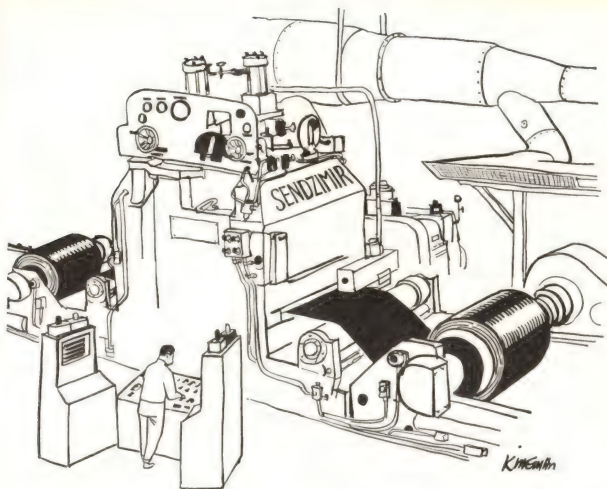
Remade Minute Maid

Only ten months ago the stock of Florida's Minute Maid Corp. was selling for 44. Last week Minute Maid was one of the most heavily traded stocks on the New York Stock Exchange as it rose to 18. The stock was pushed up by a fast turnaround in the prospects for the company that pioneered frozen orange juice. In the red last year, Minute Maid turned in record third-quarter earnings of \$1.8 million, and President John Michael Fox predicted more than \$4.4 million net for the year.

Minute Maid, which had grown fast since its founding in 1945, got into trouble when it bought out Snow Crop in 1954 to diversify into other frozen fruits and vegetables. Last year Snow Crop came a cropper: a surplus of fresh fruits and vegetables depressed prices while competition cut profit margins. Minute Maid ran into further trouble in its own orange processing, where costs increased while retail prices slid. Though 1957 sales were \$103 million, the company reported a pre-tax loss of \$1,000,000. When a December freeze hit Florida's citrus crop, Wall Street assumed the worst, sold Minute Maid down to a nine-year low.

But processing innovations enabled Minute Maid to save almost 95% of its frozen fruit with no damage to flavor. At the same time, Fox was getting out from under the money-losing Snow Crop operation. He licensed Seabrook Farms to process and sell frozen fruits and vegetables under the Snow Crop name, kept only Snow Crops orange concentrate operations. By moving Minute Maid's headquarters from New York to Orlando, Fla., he cut costs and communication problems, trimmed marketing expenses by converting salesmen into brokers working on commission. Meanwhile, the growth of Florida citrus has nearly tripled the value of Minute Maid's grove holdings to \$28.8 million. Fox plans to sell suburban acreage each year, buy more rural property for groves.

One thing Fox has not been able to do is cut prices. At an average of one a can for concentrate that makes a pint and a half of juice, Minute Maid sells for about 5¢ more than the brands of such chains as A. & P. While Minute Maid feels its quality justifies the price difference, it wants to increase its share of the market. This week Fox announced that Minute Maid is marketing a new concentrate with "the fresh, fruity flavor and charm of freshly squeezed oranges," hopes thus to increase profits and customers.



What's a Sendzimir? It's the latest thing in rolling mills, named after its inventor, and affording remarkable accuracy and finish for our Mills Division's brass and aluminum sheet and strip. Like an iceberg, this is only the visible portion: underneath, there's a 3-story basement for the intricate lubricating and cooling systems; and alongside the mill,

there's a control and power house like the engine room of an aircraft carrier. This new mill is one part of Scovill's continuing capital improvement program, designed to meet future markets with better products.

Scovill Manufacturing Company, Waterbury, Conn., with 17 plants, 31 warehouses and 42 sales offices in 32 U. S. cities and 4 foreign countries.

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BOOKS

Beware the Blob

*A splash, a blotch,
Be careful of the blob . . .
It creeps and traps,
And glides and slides across the floor.
Beware of the blob!*

This current pop hit perfectly describes the view of man held by a new school of novelistless writers. From Cervantes to Hemingway, storytellers have assumed that man has hopes and aspirations, and that they could be expressed meaningfully. Bosh, says the new school. Man is a

blob, creeping and leaping about a world he cannot control, his words meaningless or hypocritical or both. The best thing a novelist can do, the argument runs, is to ditch the novel as it is now known and write a new kind that shows man as the pitiable blob he is. Two new books by two charter members of the blob school:

THE VOYEUR, by Alain Robbe-Grillet [219 pp.; Grove; cloth-bound, \$3.50; paperback, \$1.75], is based on the author's notion that "the world is neither significant nor absurd. It is. That is the most remarkable thing about it." Proceeding

from this Intentionalist view, Author Robbe-Grillet, hero of Europe's avant-garde critics, has written a sort of whodunit in which the question of whodunit is never answered. To a French offshore island comes Mathias, a watch salesman. Little is told about him, but it is soon plain that he is close to insanity and that his special aberration, like that of *Lolita's* Humbert Humbert, involves young girls. As his boat approaches the island, he sees a girl of seven or so on the deck, and in his mind a hallucination forms in which the child becomes a sexual victim.

Mathias stays on the island for three days, and during that time a 13-year-old girl is found bruised and dead at the foot of a seaside cliff. All the evidence points

the latest from e. e. cummings

Edward Estlin Cummings, 64 next week, is the goat-footed balloon Man of U.S. poetry, an image he himself used to describe a Pan-piping street vendor of gay toy balloons. In the weather of this poet's heart the season is spring, and as this first collection of new poems in eight years testifies, there is plenty of spring left in his lines (95 Poems; Harcourt, Brace; \$4). As ever, Poet Cummings celebrates the life of feeling—love, death and the infinite sea changes of nature. Age has only slightly mellowed Cummings,

has not at all curbed his typographical pretzel bending—which can now be recognized for the attention-holding device it is. Fresh, singular, vivid and intense, Cummings' verses recall the aim he once set for himself as a poet: "I can express it in 25 words, by quoting The Eternal Question and Immortal Answer of Burlesk, viz., 'Would you hit a woman with a child?—No, I'd hit her with a brick.'" Cummings is still hitting his readers with bricks—but also with the flowers and the fancies of a unique lyricism.

crazy jay blue)
demon laughshriek
ing at me
your scorn of easily

hatred of timid
& loathing for (dull all
regular righteous
comfortable) unworlds

thief crook cynic
(swimfloatdrifting
fragment of heaven)
trickstervillain

raucous rogue &
vivid voltaire
you beautiful anarchist
(I salute thee

dive for dreams
or a slogan may topple you
(trees are their roots
and wind is wind)

trust your heart
if the seas catch fire
(and live by love
though the stars walk backward)

honour the past
but welcome the future
(and dance your death
away at this wedding)

never mind a world
with its villains or heroes
(for god likes girls
and tomorrow and the earth)

maggie and milly and molly and may
went down to the beach (to play one day)

and maggie discovered a shell that sang
so sweetly she couldn't remember her troubles, and

milly befriended a stranded star
whose rays five languid fingers were;

and molly was chased by a horrible thing
which raced sideways while blowing bubbles; and

may came home with a smooth round stone
as small as a world and as large as alone.

For whatever we lose (like a you or a me)
it's always ourselves we find in the sea

from spiralling ecstatically this

proud nowhere of earth's most prodigious night
blossoms a newborn babe: around him, eyes
—gifted with every keener appetite
than mere unmiracle can quite appease—
humbly in their imagined bodies kneel
(over time space doom dream while floats the whole

perhapless mystery of paradise)

mind without soul may blast some universe
to might have been, and stop ten thousand stars
but not one heartbeat of this child: nor shall
even prevail a million questionings
against the silence of his mother's smile

—whose only secret all creation sings

spring! may—
everywhere's here
(with a low high low
and the bird on the bough)
how? why
—we never we know
(so kiss me) shy sweet eagerly my
most dear

(die! live)
the new is the true
and to lose is to have
—we never we know—
brave! brave
(the earth and the sky
are one today) my very so gay
young love

why? how—
we never we know
(with a low high low
in the may in the spring)
live! die
(forever is now)
and dance you suddenly blossoming tree
—I'll sing

!

o (round) moon, how
do
you (rouNd
er
than roUnd float;
who
lly & (rounder than)
go
! deny (Round
est)

?

IN RECORD AREAS, SYSTEM-PLANNED AND EQUIPPED BY GF...

FILING *costs less*

Record systems using mechanized Super-Filers reduce fact-finding and filing time by half. What's more, Super-Filer saves valuable floor space because its exclusive swing front gives you 13% more payload per drawer than rigid front files.

To help you create efficient and pleasant surroundings throughout your entire office, GF offers—in one comprehensive package—*complete* space and work-flow planning... a *complete* line of business furniture and equipment... *complete* design and decorator services.

To learn more about GF products and services, call your local branch office or dealer. For Super-Filer literature, write The General Fireproofing Company, Dept. T-17, Youngstown 1, Ohio.



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Your life changes...

You need Occidental Change-Easy Insurance

Their own personal miracle. For new parents life is full of wonderful changes. Baby takes his first step. Dad gets a promotion. They buy a new home. The miracle happens again. *Life is change.*

That's why growing families depend on Occidental Change-Easy Insurance. Through the years it can change as the family's needs change.

For example, these new parents need more protection now. Occidental's Income Protection plan is a Change-Easy answer. At age 30, for only \$9.48 a month, father can assure his family of \$200 monthly until baby is 18. Later, as his family's needs change, he can include mortgage protection, retirement and disability benefits for himself, insurance on his wife and children—all in one policy.

Moreover, Occidental's Change-Easy benefits will make his present insurance program more effective.

Plan now for the changes in your life. See your Occidental agent.

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Insurance Company of California



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7-6A



NOVELIST ROBBE-GRILET
Affairs between choirs?

to Mathias, but always there seems the faint chance that his part in the crime is merely a psychopath's figment.

In a way *The Voyeur* is a savage but pointless reaction against the psychological novel. Instead of probing the mind, the book nearly ignores it, and concentrates on the exact description of things in accordance with Author Robbe-Grillet's belief that objects are more important than people. The island, a barroom, a bedroom, are etched into the reader's mind, while the story itself and the characters are allowed to go hang. Sooner or later, Robbe-Grillet or one of his disciples is bound to write a novel about a roomful of furniture; the affair between the armchair and the ottoman should be worth waiting for.

THE UNNAMABLE. by Samuel Beckett [179 pp.; Grove: cloth-bound \$3.50; paperback, \$1.45]. carries the blah hero to his logical conclusion: "complete disintegration." Mahood, the hero-victim of *The Unnamable*, who early in the book dubs himself Worm, never leaves a large jar. It stands on a pedestal in a street presumably in Paris, just outside a chophouse. He is without arms and legs, and a collar fastened to the lip of the jar fits under his jaw so that he cannot move his head. The restaurant owner's wife changes the sawdust in the jar now and then, feeds him, and festoons the grisly exhibit with Chinese lanterns. Watching the passing show, Mahood cries endless tears into his beard and tries to answer the questions which are the opening words of the book: "Where now? Who now? When now?"

Author Beckett (*Waiting For Godot*) himself never answers these questions about his central character. His identity and his past remain obscure—beyond the fact that Mahood's entire family was killed off by sausage poisoning. But it does not take much imagination to see in Ma-

hood (Manhood?) Author Beckett's savage symbol for mankind. Beckett's great strength is to make his readers uneasy. Like all Beckettmen, Mahood echoes the old existentialist plaint that he did not ask to be born and that life's mess is not of his making. Despairingly he sums up his and Beckett's arid philosophy: "I'm mute, what do they want, what have I done to them, what have I done to God, what have they done to God, what has God done to us, nothing, and we've done nothing to him, you can't do anything to him, he can't do anything to us, we're innocent, he's innocent, it's nobody's fault . . ."

And yet, the door to an escape from blabdom is left slightly ajar. For while oblivion is the goal, simple consciousness, and life itself, is against it. Mahood's last cry from his jar of sawdust is: "You must go on. I can't go on, I'll go on."

A Number in the Air

THE SECRET (249 pp.)—*Albo de Céspedes*—Simon & Schuster (\$3.50).

For Valeria Cossati, the turning point came, she thought, when her husband jokingly began calling her Mamma. Somehow it made her feel that she had lost her youth and was also beginning to lose her identity.

The middle-aged but still attractive heroine of this excellent novel by the wife of an Italian diplomat, "Mamma" Cossati is an intimidated tradition-bound Roman housewife. She is intent on one thing to maintain a perfect reputation for hard work and for saintly devotion to her family and her gentle husband, an underpaid bank official. Yet her problems cannot be dismissed as resulting merely from poverty and Old World attitudes about a woman's place. When she dreams guiltily of "leaving the dishes in the sink, the laundry unwashed, the beds unmade," or when she tries on a new lace slip for her husband and he says, "It's pretty; how much was it?" a great many modern American women readers will recognize themselves in Valeria.

Hardly aware of it herself, she is deeply resentful of her submissive role. It is not until she begins to keep a secret diary that resentment turns to revolt, for as Valeria looks at herself, she also begins to see others. She discovers her husband's failure as man and lover, her son's weakness. She secretly despises her son's pretty and docile fiancée, is candid enough to guess that she is actually jealous of her independent daughter. As life at home becomes unbearable, Valeria's office job begins to seem like a kindly refuge. And when her rich and thoughtful boss makes the inevitable proposition, her disillusionment becomes his strongest ally.

Author de Céspedes attacks neither motherhood nor the status of the housewife; she only asks that Mamma or Mom stand on her dignity and true worth, and above all, that she reject the martyr pose. *The Secret* expresses poignantly the mood of wanting "to start living afresh" and the discovery that it is too late. One day Valeria has an impulse to telephone her

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1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, James A. Linn, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N.Y.; Editor-in-Chief, H. Lenz, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N.Y.; Managing Editor, Roy Alexander, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N.Y.; Business Manager, James A. Thomson, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N.Y.

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5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, in paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: 2,264,385.

(Signed) James A. Thomson, Business Manager

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(Signed) Dorothy Back

(My commission expires March 30, 1959)

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boss from home and say, "Let's go out." But "I'm mad," I murmured, shaking my head. "Quite mad," I repeated, forming his number in the air, without dialing, "I have masses of ironing to do."

Bohemia with Baedeker

THE BURNING MAN (428 pp.)—Stephen Longstreet—Random House (\$4.95).

This latest specimen of "fictionalized biography," based on the yet unfinished life of Pablo Picasso, rattles along like a tourist train through the garrets and grandeurs of Bohemia. First stop, Spain: guitars, poverty, bullfighters, the inevitable gypsy temptress ("She kissed him. He kissed her. It was alive in him, and urgent"). Next stop, Paris: chimney pots against the sky, artist's life, nightlong arguments, more temptresses ("On the sixth day when Leah came to the studio he took her brutally in his arms. 'Damn you,' he shouted and gave her a long cruel kiss"). Last stop, the Riviera: clear sunlight, indolent and pagan bathers, the evening of life. Along the way are conducted side trips to World War I, the Spanish Civil War, marriage and the art forms of the Fauves, impressionists, cubists, Dadaists—all written in racy, journalistic prose.

Novelist-Playwright Longstreet, 51 (*The Pedlars, High Button Shoes*), was a youthful art student in Paris, but this hardly qualifies him to write about the titan of the century. The morning meditations and night thoughts attributed to Picasso (called Julio Navarro in the book) are the clichés of art; his views on life and love are similarly copybook. And the speeches put in Picasso's mouth ("Balzac, I've got it! A whole new approach to painting!") often make him sound like a U.S. adman in the throes of a new toothpaste campaign.

Blood & Mud

IN FLANDERS FIELDS (308 pp.)—Leon Wolff—Viking (\$5).

Along with Sir Douglas Haig, British commander in chief during World War I, mud is the villain of this excellent book. It deals mostly with the British campaign around Ypres ("Wipers" to the troops) in 1917, when British soldiers learned on Belgian soil the dread military truth uttered by Napoleon: "God—besides water, air, earth and fire—has created a fifth element—mud!"

Author Leon Wolff, a World War II airman, draws a memorable picture of stiff, inarticulate Field Marshal Haig, who racked up about 450,000 British casualties (some 150,000 killed) in five months in order to capture a few miles of mud. Haig was an old-fashioned cavalryman who was mentally saddlebound in the kind of war in which a good deep hole was a soldier's best friend. One of his dictums alone should have disqualified him for command: Bullets, he said, had "little stopping power against the horse."

Deeply religious, Presbyterian Haig knew that God was on his side, but this



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FIELD MARSHAL HAIG
He lost 60,000 men in one day.

did not keep him from setting great military store by fortunetellers. Airplanes, tanks and even machine guns struck him as frivolous inventions that no solid warrior need take seriously. Early in 1916 he had shown the kind of war he preferred to fight when at the Somme he lost 60,000 men on the first day of battle. In Flanders Haig bore out the assessment of British Military Historian General J.F.C. Fuller, himself a Flanders veteran: "He lived and worked like a clock; every day he did the same kind of thing at the same moment; his routine never varied. In character he was stubborn and intolerant, in speech inarticulate, in argument dumb."

Haig never got a chance to use his beloved cavalry effectively. The horses not only failed as bullet stoppers, but they suffered almost as much from mud and barbed wire as the men. The tanks that Haig despised ripped through the Hindenburg Line with trifling losses, but by that time Haig's reserves were used up and he had no follow-through. Flanders was a sickening campaign, and Author Wolff's clear, cool account effectively re-creates its horror. Perhaps the last word falls to Haig's chief of staff, Lieut. General Sir Launcelot Kiggell, who, according to Historian Fuller's introduction, "meditated like a Buddhist bhikkhu: revolved the prayer wheel of his doctrines, and out of them concocted Napoleonic battles on paper, which on the ground turned out to be slaughterhouse dramas." Not until the end of the Flanders campaign did Kiggell visit the corpse-filled swamp where countless thousands of British and German infantrymen had died in the mud. Kiggell burst into tears: "Good God, did we really send men to fight in that?"

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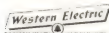
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TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

From Hollywood

Damn Yankees. Gwen Verdon, as the nimblest dancer in this or other worlds, and Ray Walston, as a button-down Beelzebub, in a bouncy remake of the Broadway musical.

Me and the Colonel. Danny Kaye, in one of his funniest films, as a gentle, indestructible Polish refugee outwitting and outrunning the *Wehrmacht*.

The Defiant Ones. Stanley Kramer's black and white drama about a Southern chain-gang escape, with Tony Curtis and Sidney Poitier.

The Reluctant Debutante. Rex Harrison and wife Kay Kendall in a wonderfully lighthearted peek at Mayfair manners and amoral.

Indiscreet. Cary Grant dispensing yachts and yacht-tata to Ingrid Bergman in a funny, free-wheeling version of Broadway's *Kind Sir*.

From Abroad

Boot Polish (Indian). Two quicksilver Indian kids named Baby Naaz and Rattan Kumar, as slum orphans in Bombay, pour out such a torrent of acting virtuosity that a slender fable becomes touched with the glow of a minor masterpiece.

The Case of Dr. Laurent (French). Frankly polemic, frankly physiological, this story of a rural doctor hipped on natural childbirth can claim the virtues of warmth and humor even before the moving, utterly candid final scene; with Jean Gabin, Nicole Courcel.

La Parisienne (French). Brigitte Bardot, leaning voluptuously on the sure comic talents of Charles Boyer and Henri Vidal, finally makes a film that is as funny as it is fleshy.

TELEVISION

Wed., Oct. 8

High Adventure with Lowell Thomas (CBS, 8-9 p.m.).* The old vagabond reporter takes his color cameras north on the trail of the Alaskan gold rush, from placer mining on Porcupine Creek to Jazz Singer Hattie in Juneau's Red Dog Saloon.

Kraft Music Hall (NBC, 9-9:30 p.m.). Milton Berle is back with a new variety show (in color). Surely something old, maybe something new, certainly something borrowed, and, if he can get away with it, something a little blue.

Thurs., Oct. 9

Behind Closed Doors (NBC, 9-9:30 p.m.). Rear Admiral Ellis M. Zacharias, U.S.N. (ret.), deputy chief of Naval Intelligence during World War II, masterminds this reasonably authentic slant on American counter-espionage.

Playhouse 90 (CBS, 9:30-11 p.m.). Jackie Gleason and Betsy Palmer bring back *The Time of Your Life*, William Saroyan's wonderfully wacky glimpse of life and love in a San Francisco Embarcadero saloon.

Fri., Oct. 10

77 Sunset Strip (ABC, 9:30-11 p.m.). *Girl on the Run*, a new detective series.

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has a main character no more novel than an ex-OSS officer. But with Marion (See *Here Private*...) Hargrove to write the script, the show has its moments.

Sun., Oct. 12

Small World (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). Edward (See *It Now*) Murrow begins his new series, an effort to bring the globe's great characters into the world's living rooms. The first show's cast: Jawaharlal Nehru, Aldous Huxley, Thomas F. Dewey.
Swiss Family Robinson (NBC, 6:30-7 p.m.). Johann Wyss's fine old classic brings the marooned Robinsons back to life, with Walter Pidgeon and Laraine Day.

Mon., Oct. 13

Hallmark Hall of Fame (NBC, 9:30-11 p.m.). Broadway's wonderful waif, Julie Harris, in *Johnny Belinda*, the trying tale of a lovely deaf mute involved with both love and murder (in color).

Westinghouse Desilu Playhouse (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). For the centennial year of the famous miracle at Lourdes, Pier Angeli plays 14-year-old Bernadette Soubirous, who saw a vision of the Virgin Mary and was later canonized.

Tues., Oct. 14

The Bob Hope Buick Show (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). Old ski nose returns, assisted by an equally great clown, France's Fernandel.

THEATER

On Broadway

The Music Man, now Broadway's hottest ticket, is a triumph of Meredith Willson's one-man showmanship (hook, lyrics, music) and an exuberant romp for Robert Preston as the itinerant con-man who invades an Iowa town and conjures up a line, corn-fed band.

My Fair Lady, with Edward Muhlare and Sally Ann Howes, is still the fairest of them all.

The Visit brings the Lunts back to Broadway in an existentialist fable of a woman's vengeful hate and a whole community's greed.

West Side Story has Director-Choreographer Jerome Robbins teaching some talented delinquents to dance out the tensions of the Manhattan slums to music by Leonard Bernstein.

Two for the Seesaw balances a downhearted Omaha lawyer, looking for a divorce, with a Bronx-to-Bohemia hoyden, in a funny, moving glimpse of offbeat New York life; with Dana Andrews and Anne Bancroft.

The Dark at the Top of the Stairs, by William (Bus Stop) Inge, is both poignant and funny as it reveals the secret fears of a small-town family in the 1920s; with Teresa Wright, Pat Hingle and Fileen Heckart.

On Tour

Auntie Mame, the cyclonic stage version of Novelist Patrick Dennis' hookful of lunacy, is playing San Francisco with brassy Eve Arden, Alabama and Tennessee with tiny but dynamic Sylvia Sydney, and Chicago with Constance Bennett, who is nearly as good as the original production's Rosalind Russell.

Look Back in Anger brings Detroit the work of Britain's Angry Young Man, Playwright John Osborne.

The Music Man, in Dallas, maintains its racy air, although Cinemactor Forrest



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Tucker cannot quite match the brash enthusiasm of Robert Preston.

Can-Can, Cole Porter's Parisian romp, kicks up its heels in Detroit, with Genevieve, the "Miss Innocence" of the Jack Paar TV show.

BOOKS

The Ugly American, by William J. Lederer and Eugene Burdick. A slashing though all too simon-simple polemic, in the guise of fiction, about the men and women who have taken up the white man's burden for the U.S. in Southeast Asia.

Women and Thomas Harrow, by John P. Marquand. Marquand may have harrowed the ashes of middle-class success and marriage once too often, but a considerable literary glow remains.

A World of Strangers, by Nadine Gordimer. South Africa's finest novelist writes of her homeland's direst hour.

Marlborough's Duchess, by Louis Kronenberger. A jewel box of a biography of the incomparable Sarah Churchill, wife to the hero of Blenheim, ancestress of Sir Winston.

Doctor Zhivago, by Boris Pasternak. Russia's greatest living poet affirms in Russia's greatest novel since the Revolution that not even Communism can destroy his people's hopes and humanity.

The Once and Future King, by T. H. White. Good King Arthur's golden knights just again in this loving and witty retelling of the old tale.

The Housebreaker of Shady Hill, by John Cheever. A master of the short story looks through the cracked picture windows at the anxieties of upper suburbia.

Lolita, by Vladimir Nabokov. This superb novel shuttles between the lyrical, the hilarious and the horrifying to tell of a middle-aged emigré's love for a "nymphet," with highly ironic variations on the theme of American innocence and European corruption.

Bestsellers

FICTION

1. *Lolita*, Vladimir Nabokov
2. *Around the World with Auntie Mae*, Patrick Dennis
3. *Doctor Zhivago*, Boris Pasternak
4. *Anatomy of a Murder*, Robert Traver
5. *The Best of Everything*, Rona Jaffe
6. *The Enigma*, Cunniff Jerome Weidman
7. *Women and Thomas Harrow*, John P. Marquand
8. *The King Must Die*, Mary Renault
9. *Admiral Hornblower in the West Indies*, C. S. Forester
10. *The Bramble Bush*, Charles Mergendahl

NONFICTION

1. *Only in America*, Harry Golden
2. *Aku-Aku*, Thor Heyerdahl
3. *Baa Baa Black Sheep*, Gregory ("Pappy") Royington
4. *Inside Russia Today*, John Gunther
5. *The Affluent Society*, John Kenneth Galbraith
6. *Enslaved: Captive Hero*, Marquis Childs
7. *War and Peace in the Space Age*, Lieut. General James M. Gavin
8. *Please Don't Eat the Daisies*, Jean Kerr
9. *The New Testament in Modern English*, translated by J. B. Phillips
10. *The Insolent Chariots*, John Keats

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You *know* not only how many people you are speaking to, but exactly what kind of people they are. And what kind of customers.

Now is the time to make that extra marketing effort. And to do it with the certain force and certain results of advertising in magazines.

Advertising—today's vital salesman

FINCHLEY IN ISTANBUL



"Dear Boss: There's definite manpower shortage here..."

■ ABRACADABRA! From humdrum to harem. All because Finchley passed the word to the boss on how Consolidated Enamels cut printing costs without cutting quality.

The fact is Consolidated Enamels often save you as much as 20% compared to other enamel papers of equal quality. These savings are possible because Consolidated pioneered a modern papermaking method that eliminates several costly manufacturing steps, yet maintains finest quality.

PULL A FINCHLEY! Ask your Consolidated Paper Merchant for free trial sheets. Let your printer make a comparison test. Then slip the boss the results along with a schedule of flying carpets for Istanbul. *Who knows!*

Available only through your Consolidated Paper Merchant

Consolidated

ENAMEL PRINTING PAPERS
a complete line for offset and letterpress printing
CONSOLIDATED WATER POWER AND PAPER COMPANY
SALES OFFICES: 135 SOUTH LA SALLE ST. • CHICAGO 3, ILL.



What will you drink in 1964?

To mark the start of a second century of distilling leadership, Hiram Walker is now putting away in barrels a remarkable whisky. Six years from now, in 1964, this whisky will come of age. It will combine the lightness of scotch and smooth satisfaction of bourbon. Yet it will have a distinctive flavor and character all its own. You'll be able to

stay with it all evening long . . . in cocktails before dinner, tall ones after.

Prediction for the future? Yes, but also a promise for this evening. Because the Canadian Club of 1964 will be the same as the Canadian Club you can buy today. Enjoy some tonight and taste why it's "The Best In The House" in 37 lands.



SHERATON



the proudest
name in
HOTELS

For Reservations
by the new
4-second
Reservation or
Direct-Line Teletype)
call your nearest
Sheraton Hotel

...we're glad to see you



WASHINGTON, D.C. - SHERATON-PARK

The "country club" hotel in the capital: Just ten minutes from downtown Washington there are 16 acres of sheer luxury — the Sheraton-Park Hotel and its landscaped setting. The headline-makers of Government and industry stay here... and the out-

of-towners seeing their Capitol for the first time... and delegates enjoying the nation's most dramatic convention hotel. They all share a wonderful welcome, and open-hearted hospitality, in the most popular hotel in Washington, D. C.

Sheraton Corporation shares are listed on the New York Stock Exchange.

EASTERN DIV.
NEW YORK
Park-Sheraton
Sheraton-East
(formerly
the Ambassador)
Sheraton-McAlpine
Sheraton-Russell
BOSTON
Sheraton-Plaza
WASHINGTON
Sheraton-Corham
Sheraton-Park
PITTSBURGH
Penn-Sheraton
BALTIMORE
Sheraton-Selvedere
PHILADELPHIA
Sheraton Hotel
PROVIDENCE
Sheraton-Biltmore
ATLANTIC CITY
Sheraton-Ritz-Carlton
SPRINGFIELD, Mass.
Sheraton-Kimball
ALBANY
Sheraton-Ten Eyck
ROCHESTER
Sheraton Hotel
BUFFALO
Sheraton Hotel
SYRACUSE
Sheraton-Syracuse Inn
Sheraton-De Witt Hotel
BINGHAMTON, N. Y.
Sheraton-Binghamton
(opens early 1939)
MID-WESTERN DIV.
CHICAGO
Sheraton-Bucklone
Sheraton Hotel
DETROIT
Sheraton-Cadillac
CINCINNATI
Sheraton-Gibson
ST. LOUIS
Sheraton-Jefferson
OMAHA
Sheraton-Farmhouse
LOUISVILLE
Sheraton Hotel
The Watkinson
DALLAS
Sheraton Hotel
(opens early 1939)
AUSTIN
Sheraton-Terrace
Mufson Hotel
AKRON
Sheraton Hotel
INDIANAPOLIS
Sheraton-Lincoln
FRENCH LICK, Ind.
French Lick-Sheraton
RAPID CITY, S. D.
Sheraton-Johnson
SIOUX CITY, Iowa
Sheraton-Macalester
Sheraton-Warrior
SIOUX FALLS, S. D.
Sheraton-Carpenter
Sheraton-Catoara
CEDAR RAPIDS, Iowa
Sheraton-Monticello
PACIFIC DIV.
SAN FRANCISCO
Sheraton-Palace
LOS ANGELES
Sheraton-Wald
(formerly Sheraton-
Tone House)
PASADENA
Huntington-Sheraton
PORTLAND, Oregon
Sheraton Hotel
(opens fall 1939)
CANADIAN DIV.
MONTREAL
Sheraton-Roy
The Laurentien
TORONTO
King-Sheraton
NIAGARA FALLS, Ont.
Sheraton-Brock
HAMILTON, Ont.
Sheraton-Connought